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CYMBELINE

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Senior English Master, St. Paul's School

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INTRODUCTION

MANY and various are the judgments which have been pronounced on Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*. It is a play which has proved remarkable in stirring critics to extremes. According to Dr. Johnson: "To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection and too gross for aggravation." For trenchancy, one might have supposed that pronouncement would have held the field, which it did until 1896, when Mr. Bernard Shaw, falling upon *Cymbeline* in the full vigour of his days of dramatic criticism, delivered himself as follows, after a performance of the play by Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre: "*Cymbeline* is for the most part stagey trash of the lowest melodramatic order, in parts abominably written, throughout intellectually vulgar and judged in point of thought by modern intellectual standards, vulgar, foolish, offensive, indecent, and exasperating beyond all tolerance."

Gervinus, on the other hand, considered that *Cymbeline* would stand comparison "with the most excellent of all that Shakespeare has produced." In Swinburne's opinion, "Here is a depth enough with

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weight enough of tragic beauty and passion, terror and love and pity to approve the presence of the most tragic Master's hand ; subtlety enough of sweet and bitter truth to attest the passage of the mightiest and wisest scholar or teacher in the school of the human spirit ; beauty with delight enough and glory of life and grace of nature to proclaim the advent of the one omnipotent Maker among all who bear that name." Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch maintains that it was not till he fashioned Imogen that Shakespeare achieved his perfect heroine and that the last scene of the play, with its twenty-four cumulated *dénouements*, proves Shakespeare to be the "mighty craftsman" as triumphantly as *Macbeth* proves him to be "the mighty poet."

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree ? " The earnest novice eager for truth and right thinking will be pardoned if he gasps for breath faced with these witnesses as conflicting as they are weighty. Let such a novice read the play for himself, bearing in mind that whatever may be said against it, while smaller works more congruous and perfect have had brief days of glory and been blown out of fashion and forgotten, Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* still towers majestically "like Atlas unremoved." Nevertheless since the mountain simile is apt in more respects than that of majesty—for how often is a mountain difficult, mysterious, full of surprises, hard to conquer, and easy to be lost on?—before the attempt to scale *Cymbeline* is made, those who make the ascent for the first time, and even those who are repeating the journey, may care, not to be told what to think, but profiting from the previous experience of guides, to know in advance some characteristics of the adventure and of the

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characters encountered on it.

Never at any time did Shakespeare's plays fit easily into the convenient pigeon-holes of Comedy and Tragedy, being compounded of those infinitely mixed ingredients which make Life, and Life, moreover, viewed from the peculiarly whimsical angle of an Englishman. *Measure for Measure* is printed among the comedies, *Romeo and Juliet* among the tragedies, yet who shall say which is the more sombre, which the more light-hearted play? Coming to the three last plays, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*, critics in desperation have been driven to use the title Romance to describe these final dreams of the poet. And it may be remarked as strange that Johnson should have pronounced so harshly on *Cymbeline* when elsewhere he praises the three last romances with such understanding :—

“ Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagined new ;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
And panting time toiled after him in vain.”

The world imagined in *Cymbeline* is not new in name—Rome and Milford Haven have a peculiarly familiar ring—but the atmosphere, especially in the Welsh mountains, is transfigured and the scene is lit with a new light that never was before on Shakespeare's sea or land.

Posthumus preposterously wagering on his wife's honour, rapturously loving her, and madly contriving her murder, Bellarius's heartless theft of Cymbeline's sons and tender nurture of the boys, Cloten's severed head floating to sea to tell the fishes of his royal birth, Imogen sung to her grave with elegiac tenderness by

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her unknown brothers to wake, as she thinks, beside her husband's trunk, Jupiter descending as an eagle in thunder and lightning to an English prison, Iachimo as startingly repentant as he has been astonishingly evil, and Cymbeline quixotically offering the defeated Romans the tribute he refused to pay before battle, these incidents of the drama are only slightly less incredible than the power and beauty of the poetry in which they are described. No wonder that the critics have not committed themselves beyond the word romance, and no wonder, perhaps, since romance is a subjective commodity and does not appeal to those who, like Johnson and Shaw, prize intellect above the senses, that views of Cymbeline are as various as its elements and the contradictory traits which exist even within the single person of almost every character.

KING CYMBELINE

Speculation has often exercised itself on what Macbeth's career and fortune might have been had he been a bachelor. The question is no less pertinent in the case of Cymbeline, for whatever else is uncertain about this variable monarch it is clear that the Queen's influence on him is malign, and, with that influence removed by her death, more kindly and pacific qualities appear than would have seemed possible judged by the headstrong, irate, and heartless temper which he displays at the start of the play. Only his infatuated subservience to his wife could account for his joining in the unsavoury policy of pressing Imogen to marry against her wishes his dissolute and doltish stepson. His banishment of Posthumus and upbraid-

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ing and incarceration of Imogen, when he finds his wishes crossed, are so petulantly violent that it is hard not to class Cymbeline in this scene with King Hildebrand of *Princess Ida* :—

“ For I’m a peppery kind of King,
Who’s indisposed for parleying
To fit the wit of a bit of a chit
And that’s the long and the short of it ! ”

It is therefore a matter for surprise that when in Act II the coming of the Roman ambassador is announced on contentious business the King should be so courteous and benign—

A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that’s no fault of his : we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender.

Throughout the diplomatic interview with Lucius in the opening scene of Act III Cymbeline is again suave and self-restrained : in the subsequent battle he is competent and brave, and in victory he is generous and forgiving. “ Pardon’s the word to all,” he proclaims as he sees Iachimo kneeling to Posthumus. Before the close of the action he makes peace both with his surviving relatives and with his foreign enemies, and does not even omit to pay pious tribute to the gods :—

And let our crookèd smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars.

In view of this high-minded clemency Cymbeline’s previous arrogance becomes inexplicable unless we accept as excuse what he himself advances that so

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long as she was alive he was under the influence of his "wicked queen." If this was so, it is not the first, as it will not be the last time, that Adam's fall is occasioned by Eve ; but one cannot dismiss a suspicion that someone else shares with the Queen the responsibility of making Shakespeare's erratic Cymbeline what he is, and that is Shakespeare himself. The firm hand that drew Lear and Macbeth with unwavering strokes falters in the portrayal of this last Celtic monarch, who, like the two Kings in *The Winter's Tale*, seems to change character in different scenes. Shakespeare was capable of putting out his full and, perhaps, his most extraordinary strength in his Romances in unworldly creatures such as Caliban and Ariel, but in kings, whom, good and bad, he has drawn in plenty during his prime, he now takes little interest, seeming to be constantly looking beyond their temporal and mundane pomp. So the first characterisation of Cymbeline is forgotten as the play advances, and at the end neither his royalty nor his psychology concern the poet and Cymbeline becomes merely a mouthpiece for the voice of pardon, which has become to Shakespeare of so much more significance in a potentate than power.

THE QUEEN

The inconsistency in the character of Cymbeline is equally evident in his queen. On the one hand she vies with Shakespeare's blackest women in villainy, on the other she is heroic in inspiring her husband to defend their country against Rome, and dies from affectionate grief at the disappearance of her son. A poisoner is still regarded as the most odious of

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murderers, and neither Goneril nor Regan plotted anything more cowardly or cold-blooded than the Queen's scheme to make an end of Pisanio and Imogen :—

I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too.

Her mind is as crooked as her syntax, and her earlier proposal to try out the "compounds" on animals "not worth the hanging" adds a graphic touch to a repulsive picture. Yet it is the same woman who thus nerves her lord to defend Britain with the courage of Volumnia and the patriotism of John of Gaunt :—

Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast.

These two voices can scarcely be reconciled. In any case, the Queen's public fortitude is rendered hollow by her private depravity, and her patriotic rhetoric can do little to minimise our aversion to one who aims at poisoning the two noblest characters in the story, and who pines away for love of Cloten.

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CLOTEN

Cloten shares his mother's combination of personal depravity and patriotism. Like her, he defies the Romans in proud if more colloquial speech—

Britain is
A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses—

and he dies grappling courageously with Guiderius. But apart from his physical bravery, Cloten is as insolent, ignorant, and unpleasant a booby as is to be found in or out of Shakespeare. His conceit knows no bounds, his grumbling no limit. He is perpetually grouching because he has failed to win at bowls or cards ; he complains because a stander-by has sought to curtail his oaths ; he is even aggrieved because not enough persons will quarrel and fight with him. His very rank becomes a source of dissatisfaction, and he frankly proclaims that "it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors." The awkward self-seeking attentions which this youthful snob pays to Imogen produce an effect half comic and half repellent and which becomes nauseous when he plots to revenge himself upon her for spurning him.

Cloten, however, differs in one important respect from his mother, and that is the skill with which Shakespeare has drawn him. The Queen, so far as literary art is concerned, is a woman of straw. Cloten, repulsive and eccentric as he is, is hewn into a rough but powerful image and the mark of the master hand is on him. As a character he is live and individual and does not even lack a philosophy :—

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'Tis gold

Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief :
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man : what
Can it not do and undo.

It may be said of Cloten that if no one else has ever liked him, at least his creator enjoyed him enough to make him.

POSTHUMUS

The climax of incongruity is reached in the character of Posthumus. In the opening scenes he figures and shapes as a hero, the brave and handsome gentleman of slender means, who is preferred by the heroine to the highly placed swaggerer whom her parents wish her to marry. He woos and, when banished, takes leave of Imogen with the grace and ardour of Romeo, and the tender eloquence with which Pisanio describes the departure of his master's ship seems designed to fix the wronged exile in our sympathetic memory. Once domiciled in Rome, however, a curious change comes over this hero, due perhaps to consorting with such companions as Iachimo. His readiness to wager on his wife's honour and the credulous alacrity with which he accepts Iachimo's story do credit neither to his head nor his heart. His subsequent jealous frenzy is as unpleasant as Othello's (while he lacks almost all the excuses which make the Moor's passion and predicament tragic), and when he reaches the point of tricking Imogen to Milford and instructing Pisanio to murder her *en route* he sets up a standard of infamy which a villain of melodrama would find it hard to surpass. The rigours of the battle-field, on which he fights

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bravely, and the strange classical visions vouchsafed to him in prison, bring forward his better qualities again, and his contrition after Imogen has been reported dead is almost as violent as the energy with which he had schemed to kill her. He benefits finally from the general atmosphere of pardon, and from the excelling sweetness of Imogen's nature, being forgiven and embraced by her as though he had ever been the best of husbands and totally regardless of the fact that he has suspected her, plotted to kill her, and, mistaking her for an intruding boy, has even but a moment before struck her to the ground :—

Imogen. Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you ?

Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.

Posthumus. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die !

Posthumus's answer has the same splendour as Imogen's question.

How are we to account for this villainous hero or heroic villain ? "Shakespeare," writes Sir Walter Raleigh, "moves in a large scheme of things, where the sun rises on the evil and on the good. He finds it easy, therefore, to accept his story as a kind of providence and to abide by its surprising awards. Why did he create so exquisite a being as Imogen for the jealous and paltry Posthumus ? He has the precedent of nature, which makes many strangely-assorted matches ; and he does not greatly care what we think of Posthumus." If this be true, we are relieved of having to make further attempts to solve an apparently insoluble riddle.

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IMOGEN

The same critics who disagree on the merits of the play as a whole vie with one another in ardour and eloquency to express their adoration of Imogen. Gervinus thought her "the most lovely and artless of the female characters portrayed by Shakespeare." To Swinburne she was "the very crown and flower of all Shakespeare's daughters," Couch writes: "When I stand apart from their individual spells and study them, I can see all Shakespeare's previous heroines as parcels in a conception, of which—long shaped in his mind—he at last achieved in Imogen this perfect portrait." And even to Shaw the Imogen of Shakespeare's genius is an "enchanting person."

It is certainly a compensation that in this play which is vulnerable to so many charges, one character at least exists which stands in the very forefront of Shakespeare's creations, and, if the addition of *Cymbeline* to his greater and more perfect works were justified on no other grounds, it would be more than justified because it has given us Imogen. There are other heroines in Shakespeare who are faithful and pure, yet none is also so human as Imogen, none has to endure such varied trials, and none is drawn with more elaboration. Imogen displays not only virtue but virtues. Desdemona is pure but she is not also clever and resourceful. Rosalind is regal and courageous but not practical; she can lecture with exquisite art on love in the Forest of Arden, but she displays none of Imogen's "neat cookery" or skill with which she "cuts roots in characters" and "sauces broth," accomplishments which would have been singularly helpful to her companions in rustic

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exile. Hermione forgives with cold superhuman majesty, but Imogen's power to forgive is as warmly human as the humanity compounded of impulsive courage and indignant modesty with which she bears her tribulations. When Iachimo is confronted with his first sight of Imogen, her complete invulnerability is revealed :—

All of her that is out of door most rich !
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager.

It is the fact that Imogen *is* furnish'd with a mind so rare as her external beauty that not only Iachimo but all in the play who try to harm her are bound to lose their wager. It is little wonder that she, whose loveliness, virtue, and brain daunted even Iachimo, fascinated even dull-witted Cloten, and made an ultimate success of marriage even with Posthumus, should produce on every normal mind the same dazzling and melting effect that she produces on the simple and sane Guiderius and Bellarius.

Thus if *Cymbeline* is lacking in other unities, there is one radiant unity at least which it possesses, in that everyone in or out of the play is forced sooner or later to fall in love with Imogen and, having so fallen, to remain there.

IACHIMO

Iachimo is a lesser Iago, yet there is a difference apart from degree. If Iachimo is as vile as Iago in his intentions, he is considerably less successful in achievement, and his last act of repentance, though

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it should be counted in his favour, seems less impressive and certainly less convincing than the stubborn silence with which Iago defies the tormentors :—

Demand me nothing ; what you know, you know :
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Thus Iago, coming to the end of his career of evil, is at least consistent, and one feels that there must at least be some kind of soul in the hell he goes to inhabit. But Iachimo cringing at last before Posthumus seems almost as contemptible in his repentance as he was outrageous in his wickedness :—

Iachimo (kneeling). I am down again :
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, ·
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe.

It is hard to credit this heavy obsequious penitence to the brazen and enterprising scoundrel who, not without a measure of glamour about him, planned and contrived the libel on Imogen. “From the first,” writes Mr. Granville Barker, “there is something fantastic about the fellow and no tragically potent scoundrel, we should be sure, will ever come out of a trunk.” There were signs also in his earlier conduct that he was not without sensibility—his speech to the sleeping Imogen when he emerges in her bedroom has beauty worthy of a better cause. Nothing therefore prepares us for, or explains, the intensity of his sudden repentance, unless the influence of Imogen, whose supposed death brings Posthumus to his senses, works a miracle on Iachimo. Iachimo’s villainy might be incredible were it not that other sinister figures of literature, Webster’s Count

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Ferdinand, Shelley's Count Cenci, Browning's Count Guido, suggest that no exaggeration is necessary or possible where the wickedness of a medieval Italian gentleman-villain is concerned : what is incredible about Iachimo is not his sins but his contrition.

Penitence and forgiveness, however, at all costs, Shakespeare must have at the close of his last plays, and it is notable that the greatest of the world's objective poets, who through masterpiece after masterpiece depicted the sun rising impartially upon the just and the unjust, should be so determined at sunset to contrive a blessing on the just.

Nay, Cadwal [says Guiderius as they bury their
Fidele], we must lay his head to the east ;
My father hath a reason for't.

At the close of *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*, Shakespeare himself seems to lay his head to the east, and to have found a reason for it.

G. B.

DATE AND SOURCE OF PLOT

Cymbeline, first printed in the Folio of 1623, was probably written about 1609 or 1610. Doctor Forman records having seen a performance of *Cimbalin, king of England*, which took place between 1610 and 1611. The quality of the style—the absence of puns, the large number of feminine endings, and the language, often elusive and closely packed with thought—also indicates that the play is among the last which Shakespeare wrote.

Shakespeare was indebted to *Holinshed's Chronicle* for mention of King Cymbeline and his two sons, and also for the demand made by the Emperor Augustus that Britain should pay the Romans tribute. The plot of Posthumus and Imogen the dramatist derived from Boccaccio's *Decameron*, the collection of Italian stories first published in 1353. Except, however, for these bare outlines of plot, Shakespeare relied, in respect of details, characters, and dialogue, on his own inspiration and invention.

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS { sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the
ARVIRAGUS { names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed
 sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus }
IACHIMO, friend to Philario } Italians.

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Sooth-sayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE : *Britain ; Rome.*

ACT I

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.*
Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns : our
bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

Sec. Gent. But what's the matter ?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,
whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman : she's wedded ;
Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all
Is outward sorrow ; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king ? 10

First Gent. He that hath lost her too ; so is the
queen,
That most desired the match ; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Sec. Gent. And why so ?

First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a
thing

Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man !
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth 20
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth ?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root : his
father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30
But had his titles by Tenantius whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus ;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand ; for which their
father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe 40
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And in's spring became a harvest, lived in court—

Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved,
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards ; to his mistress, 50
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king ?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons : if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it : the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago ? 61

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so
convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear : here comes the
gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me,
daughter, 70

After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you : you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril. 80
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds ! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me : you must be gone ;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth :
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, 100

Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I'll move
him

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how ! another ?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death ! [*Putting on the ring.*] Remain,
remain thou here
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120
I still win of you : for my sake wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. [*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*
O the gods !
When shall we see again ?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight !

If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest : away !
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you !
And bless the good remainders of the court !
I am gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death 130
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation :
I am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past
grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my
queen !

Imo. O blest, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. 140

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; wouldst have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus :
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, sir : heaven restore me ! Would I
were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Cym. Thou foolish thing ! 150

Re-enter QUEEN.

They were again together : you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace ! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly ! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*]

Queen. Fie ! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant. How now, sir ! What news ?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen Ha ! 160

No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought
And had no help of anger : they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his part.

To draw upon an exile ! O brave sir !

I would they were in Afric both together ;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick

The goer-back. Why came you from your master ?

Pis. On his command : he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven : left these notes 171
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me : you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard : for this time leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public place. Enter*
CLOTEN and two Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt ;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacri-
fice : where air comes out, air comes in : there's
none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Have I hurt him ?

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, 'faith ; not so much as his
patience.

First Lord. Hurt him ! his body's a passable carcass,

if he be not hurt : it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt. 11

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] His steel was in debt ; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No ; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you ! You have land enough of your own : but he added to your having ; gave you some ground.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies ! 21

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow and refuse me

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together : she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit. 31

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done !

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] I wish not so ; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us ?

First Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord.

40
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace. Enter*
IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the
haven,
And question'dst every sail : if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee ?

Pis. It was his queen, his queen !

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen ! happier therein than I !
And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or mine
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings ; crack'd
them but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him ?

Pis. Be assured, madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charged him, 30
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.* 40]

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house. Enter PHILARIO,
IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a
Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain : he
was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so
worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of ;
but I could then have looked on him without the help
of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments
had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by
items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within. 10

French. I have seen him in France : we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment :—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him ; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you ? How creeps acquaintance ? 24

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together ; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton : let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine : how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing. 33

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness : I was glad I did atone my countryman and you ; it had been pity you should have put together with so mortal

a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature. 41

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller ; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences : but upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference ? 52

French. Safely, I think : 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses ; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France. 61

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 69

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres

many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many : but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her : so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at ?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle. 81

Post. You are mistaken : the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you ?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours : but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too : so your brace of unprizable estimations ; the one is but frail and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last. 94

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen. 100

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something : but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation : and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world. 114

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion : and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that ?

Post. A repulse : though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more ; a punishment too. 120

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this : it came in too suddenly ; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke !

Post. What lady would you choose to assail ?

Iach. Yours ; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved. 132

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting : but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear a graver purpose, I hope. 140

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would

undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return : let there be covenants drawn between's : my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too : if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours : provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

155

Post. I embrace these conditions ; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer : if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy ; she is not worth our debate : if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

164

Iach. Your hand ; a covenant : we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve : I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you ?

171

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers ;

Make haste : who has the note of them ?

First Lady.

I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are,
madam :

[*Presenting a small box.*

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—

My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But, though slow, deadly ?

Queen.

I wonder, doctor, 10

Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections ? having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions ? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human, 20
To try the vigour of them and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor.

Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen.

O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him
Will I first work : he's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio !
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ; 30
Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she
has
Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit.
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile ;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and
dogs,
Then afterward up higher : but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes, 40
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Dost thou
think in time
She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50
As great as is thy master, greater, for

His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
 Is at last gasp : return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is : to shift his being
 Is to exchange one misery with another,
 And every day that comes comes to decay
 A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans,
 Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
 So much as but to prop him ? [*The Queen drops the
 box : Pisanio takes it up.*] Thou takest up 60
 Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy
 labour :

It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know
 What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it ;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her ; do't as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king 70
 To any shape of thy preferment such
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
 Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

A sly and constant knave,
 Not to be shaken ; the agent for his master
 And the remembrancer of her to hold
 The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after, 80
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
 To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so : well done, well done :
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do :
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the palace.*
Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !
My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious : blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be ? Fie !

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir :
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich !
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,

She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ; 20
 Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads*] " He is one of the noblest note, to
 whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
 upon him accordingly, as you value your trust—

LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud :
 But even the very middle of my heart
 Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
 You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
 Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
 In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady. 30
 What, are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes
 To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
 Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not
 Partition make with spectacles so precious
 'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys
 'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and
 Contemn with mows the other ; nor i' the judgement,
 For idiots in this case of favour would 41
 Be wisely definite ; nor i' the appetite ;
 Slutttery to such neat excellence opposed
 Should make desire vomit emptiness,
 Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow ?

Iach. The cloyèd will,

That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo.

What, dear sir,

Thus raps you? Are you well? 50

Iach. Thanks, madam; well. [*To Pisanio*] Beseech
you, sir, desire

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis.

I was going, sir,

To give him welcome. [*Exit.*]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech
you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo.

When he was here,

60

He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach.

I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, is seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from's free lungs, cries
“O,

Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose 70
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?”

Imo.

Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter :

It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens
know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he : but yet heaven's bounty towards him
might

Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;
In you—which I account his—beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound 80
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir ?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir ?

You look on me : what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your—But 90
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me : pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me

What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul 100
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falschood, as
With labour ; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time 110
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul ! your cause doth strike my
heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double,—to be partner'd
With tomboys hired with that self exhibition 121
Which your own coffers yield ! Be revenged ;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged !
How should I be revenged ? If this be true,—

As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be revenged ?

Iach. I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed, 130
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away ! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains 140
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio !
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault. What, ho, Pisanio !

Iach. O happy Leonatus ! I may say :
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long !
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon. 150
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er : and he is one
The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him ;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god :

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured 160
To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err : the love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir : take my power i' the court for
yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns 170
Your lord ; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us and your lord—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor ;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France : 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage : may it please you 180
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;

And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise 190
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains :
But not away to-morrow !

Iach. O, I must, madam :
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have outstood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I. *Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.*
Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away ! I had a hundred pound on't : and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. 10

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha ?

Sec. Lord. No, my lord ; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog ! I give him satisfaction ? Would he had been one of my rank !

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth : a pox on't : I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother : every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou ?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that : but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors. 30

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't !

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There's an Italian come ; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ? 42

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? is there no derogation in't ?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come I'll go see this Italian : what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship. 52

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,

And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer 60
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand, ,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land !
[Exit.

SCENE II. *Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace :
a trunk in one corner of it. IMOGEN in bed, reading ;
a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then : mine eyes are
weak :

Fold down the leaf where I have left : to bed :

Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods.

From fairies and the tempters of the night

Guard me, beseech ye.

10

[Sleeps. *Iachimo comes from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
But kiss ; one kiss ! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't ! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids, 20
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
'To note the chamber : I will write all down :
Such and such pictures ; there the window ; such
The adornment of her bed ; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such ; and the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 30
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying ! Come off, come off :

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard !
'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
As strong as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip : here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make : this secret 40
Will force him think I have pluck'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what
end ?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,

Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough :
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye ! I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three : time, time !

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's
apartments. Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the
noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot
and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I
could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold
enough. It's almost morning, is't not ?

First Lord. Day, my lord. 10

Clo. I would this music would come : I am advised
to give her music o' mornings ; they say it will
penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune : if you can penetrate her with your
fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will
do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a
very excellent good-conceited thing ; after, a wonder-

ful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it : and then let her consider.

19

SONG.

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes :
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise :
 Arise, arise.

29

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better : if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late ;* for that's the reason I was up so early : he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ?
 Will she not forth ?

41

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
 She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
 Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
 And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended 50
With aptness of the season ; make denials
Increase your services ; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless ! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : we must receive him 60
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our
queen. [Exeunt all but Cloten.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. [Knocks.] By your leave,
ho !

I know her women are about her : what
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold 70
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer ; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief ;

Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man : what
 Can it not do and undo ? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 [*Knocks*] By your leave.

79

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks ?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure ?

Clo. Your lady's person : is she ready ?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There is gold for you ;

Sell me your good report.

Lady. How ! my good name ? or to report of you
 What I shall think is good ?—the princess !

Enter IMOGEN

Clo. Good morrow, fairest : sister, your sweet hand.

[*Exit Lady.*

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much
 pains

90

For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks

And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me ;
 If you swear still, your recompense is still
 That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance. 101

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool'?

Imo. As I am mad, I do :
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal : and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you, 110
And am so near the lack of charity—
To accuse myself—I hate you ; which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean ?—to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency 120
But brats and beggary,—in self-figured knot ;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !
 Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made 130
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
 The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
 To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
 In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio !

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. " His garment ! " Now the devil— 139

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

Clo. " His garment ! "

Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
 Frighted, and anger'd worse : go bid my woman
 Search for a jewel that too casually
 Hath left mine arm : it was thy master's : shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think
 I saw't this morning : confident I am
 Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it :
 I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost. 150

Imo. I hope so : go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*

Clo. You have abused me :
 " His meanest garment ! "

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir :

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo.

Your mother too :

She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent.

[*Exit.*

Clo.

I'll be revenged :

" His meanest garment ! " Well.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house. Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil.

What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state and wish
That warmer days would come : in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness and your company
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king 10
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly : and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post.

I do believe,

Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings

Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen 20
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at : their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phil. See ! Iachimo !

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land ;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made 30
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best ; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phil. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there ?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is't not 40
Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport : I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought 50
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent,
My hand
And ring is yours ; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both 60
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70

And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
 The press of boats or pride : a piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship and value ; which I wonder'd
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
 Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true ;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney 80
 Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
 Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures
 So likely to report themselves : the cutter
 Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,
 Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
 Which you might from relation likewise reap,
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
 With golden cherubins is fretted : her andirons—
 I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
 Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely 90
 Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour !
 Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise
 Be given to your remembrance—the description
 Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
 The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
 [Showing the bracelet.

Be pale : I beg but leave to air this jewel ; see !
And now 'tis up again : it must be married
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

Post.

Jove !

Once more let me behold it : is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach.

Sir—I thank her—that : 100

She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too : she gave it me, and said
She prized it once.

Post.

May be she pluck'd it off

To send it me.

Iach.

She writes so to you, doth she ?

Post. O, no, no, no ! 'tis true. Here, take this too ;
[Gives the ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ;
love,

Where there's another man : the vows of women 110
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing.
O, above measure false !

Phil.

Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again : 'tis not yet won :
It may be probable she lost it ; or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her ?

Post.

Very true ;

And so, I hope, he came by't. Back my ring :
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this : for this was stolen.

120

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.
 'Tis true :—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : I am sure
 She would not lose it : her attendants are
 All sworn and honourable :—they induced to steal it !
 And by a stranger !—No, he hath enjoy'd her :
 The cognisance of her incontinency
 Is this : she hath bought the name of whore thus
 dearly.

There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you !

Phi. Sir, be patient : 130
 This is not strong enough to be believed
 Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't ;
 She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
 For further satisfying, under her breast—
 Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging : by my life,
 I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
 Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
 Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?

Post. Spare your arithmetic : never count the turns ;
 Once, and a million !

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing.
 If you will swear you have not done't, you lie ;
 And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
 Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limbmeal !
I will go there and do't, i' the court, before
Her father. I'll do something— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience ! You have won : 150
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Another room in Philario's house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-workers ? We are all bastards ;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit : yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance !
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
And pray'd me oft forbearance ; did it with 10
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. Could I find out
The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part : be it lying, note it,
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers ; revenges, hers ;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability, 20

sc. v]

CYMBELINE

All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all ; but rather, all ;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Nor half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them : yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

ACT III

SCENE I. *Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace. Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us ?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,— Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it—for him And his succession granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, 20
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
Of " Came " and " saw " and " overcame " : with
shame—

The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles !—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point— 30
O gilot fortune !—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid : our
kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as
I said, there is no moe such Cæsars : other of them
may have crook'd noses, but to owe such straight
arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end. 39

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard
as Cassibelan : I do not say I am one ; but I have a
hand. Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ?
If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or
put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute
for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here 50

Did put the yoke upon's ; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled ; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry : Mulmutius made
our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown and call'd 60
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy :
Receive it from me, then : war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him ; of him I gather'd honour ; 70
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms ; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold :
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day or two, or longer : if you seek us

afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle : if you beat us out of it, it is yours ; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you ; and there's an end. 82

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure and he mine :

All the remain is " Welcome ! " [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another room in the palace. Enter PISANIO, with a letter*

Pis. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser ? Leonatus !
O master ! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear ! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing ? Disloyal ! No :
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master !
Thy mind to her is now as low as were 10
Thy fortunes. How ! that I should murder her ?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command ? I, her ? her blood ?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to ? [Reading] " Do't : the
letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give the opportunity." O damn'd paper !
Black as the ink that's on thee ! Senseless bauble, 20

[ACT III]

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord, Leonatus !
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters ;
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 30
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder ; let that grieve him :
Some griefs are med'cinable ; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love : of his content,
All but in that ! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike :
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news,
 gods ! 39

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Glide thither in a day ? Then, true Pisanio,—
 Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord ; who long'st,—
 O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,
 But in a fainter kind :—O, not like me ;
 For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick ;
 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense—how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford : and by the way
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy as 60
 To inherit such a haven : but first of all,
 How we may steal from hence, and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
 And our return, to excuse : but first, how get hence :
 Why should excuse be born or e'er begot ?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour ?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, 's enough for you : [*Aside*] and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man, 70
 Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery :
 Go bid my woman feign a sickness ; say
 She'll home to her father : and provide me presently
 A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man : nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee ; 80
 Do as I bid thee : there's no more to say ;
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Wales : a mountainous country with a cave.*
Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS ; GUIDERIUS, and
ARVIRAGUS following.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys ; this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you
To a morning's holy office : the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven !
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui.

Hail, heaven !

Arv.

Hail, heaven !

Bel. Now for our mountain sport : up to yond hill ;
Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow, 12
That it is place which lessens and sets off :
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd : to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see ;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold 20
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledged,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you 30
That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
With your stiff age : but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed ;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing ;
We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey, 40
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat ;
Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly ; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep ; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50
I' the name of fame and honour ; which dies i' the
search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure :—O boys, this story
The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline loved me,

And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off : then was I as a tree 60
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing—as I have told you
oft—

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans : so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world ;
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid 71
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains !
This is not hunter's language : he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !
These boys know little they are sons to the king ; 80
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine ; and though train'd up
thus meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father called Guiderius—Jove !

When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out 90
Into my story : say " Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck " ; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is roused !—
O Cymbeline ! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon, 100
At three and two years old, I stole these babes ;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their
mother,
And every day do honour to her grave :
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. *Country near Milford-Haven. Enter*
PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place
Was near at hand : ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio ! man !
Where is Posthumus ? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that
sigh
From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd

Beyond self-explication : put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ? 10
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender ? If't be summer news,
Smile to't before ; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand !
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak man : thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read ;

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdained of fortune, 20

Imo. [*Reads*] " Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played
the strumpet in my bed ; the testimonies whereof lie
bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises,
but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as
I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must
act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach
of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life :
I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She
hath my letter for the purpose : where, if thou fear
to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art
the pandar to her dishonour and equally to me
disloyal." 32

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword ? the
paper

Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world : kings, queens and states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam ?

Imo. False to his bed. What is it to be false ? 41
To lie in watch there and to think on him ?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake ? that's false to's bed, is it ?

Pis. Alas, good lady !

Imo. I false ! Thy conscience witness : Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency ;
Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now methinks
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy, 50
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him :
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd :—to pieces with me !—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany : not born where't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity 61
From most true wretchedness : so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest :
Do thou thy master's bidding : when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience : look !
I draw the sword myself : take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things but grief : 70

Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it : do his bidding : strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause ;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.
Something's afore't. Soft, soft ! we'll no defence ; 80
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here ?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers : though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father 90
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shaft be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch :
The lamb entreats the butcher : where's thy knife ?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady, 100
Since I received command to do this business

I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abused
 So many miles with a pretence ? this place ?
 Mine action and thine own ? our horses' labour ?
 The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent ? whereunto I never
 Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand, 110
 The elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment ; in the which
 I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :
 I have heard I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :
 But if I were as wise as honest, then 120
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
 But that my master is abused :
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
 Hath done you both this cursèd injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.
 I'll give but notice you are dead and send him
 Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded

I should do so : you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while ? where bide ? how live ?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am 131
Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the court—

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
With that harsh, nothing noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court.
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then ?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain ? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't ; 140
In a great pool a swan's nest : prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow : now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view ; yea, haply, near 150
The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience : fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self—into a waggish courage :
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and 160
As quarrelous as the weasel ; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart !
Alack, no remedy !—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit— 170
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,—which you'll make him know,
If that his head hath ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you, for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich ; and I will never fail 180
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou are all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away :
There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even
All that good time will give us : this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with

A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the queen : 190
What's in't is precious ; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee. [Exeunt, severally.]

SCENE V. *A room in Cymbeline's palace. Enter*
CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, Lords, and
Attendants.

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence ;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir : I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace !

Queen. And you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ; 10
The due of honour in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc.

Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner : fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness !

[Exeunt Lucius and Lords.]

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clo.

'Tis all the better ;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely.
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen.

'Tis not sleepy business ;

But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd 30
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty :
We have noted it. Call her before us ; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Queen.

Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes 40
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, since last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
She wish'd me to make known ; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd, 51
Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false ! *[Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. *[Exit Cloten.*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus !
He hath a drug of mine ; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seized her,
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown 61
To her desired Posthumus : gone she is
To death or to dishonour ; and my end
Can make good use of either : she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN

How now, my son !

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the king : he rages ; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [Aside] All the better : may
This night forestall him of the coming day ! [Exit.

Clo. I love and hate her : for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite 71
Than lady, ladies, women ; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all ; I love her therefore : but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement
That what's else rare is choked ; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here ? What, are you packing, sirrah ?
Come hither : ah, you precious pandar ! Villain, 81
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter,—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;
No further halting : satisfy me home 92
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clo. All-worthy villain !

Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word : no more of " worthy lord ! "
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't. I will pursue her 100
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough ; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum !

Pis. [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O
Imogen,

Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again !

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't. Sirrah, if
thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service,
undergo those employments wherein I should have
cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what
villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and
truly, I would think thee an honest man : thou
shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my
voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me ? for since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that
beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of
gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine : wilt
thou serve me ?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand ; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession ?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither ; let it be thy first service ; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [Exit. 129]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven !—I forgot to ask him one thing ; I'll remember't anon :—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her : first kill him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments ?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven ?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet. 148

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber ; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee : the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford : would I had

wings to follow it ! Come, and be true. [Exit.

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss : for true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness ; labour be his meed ! [Exit.

SCENE VI. *Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.*
Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one :
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think
Foundations fly the wretched ; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10
A punishment or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord !
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this ?
Here is a path to't : 'tis some savage hold :
I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20
Plenty and peace breeds cowards : hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho ! whose's here ?

If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho ! No answer ? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens ! *[Exit, to the cave.]*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
Are master of the feast : Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant ; 'tis our match : 30
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come ; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury : weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave ; we'll browse
on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. *[Looking into the cave]* Stay ; come not in. 40
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir ?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
An earthly paragon ! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy !

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took : good
troth,

I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat :
I would have left it on the board so soon 51
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth ?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name ? 60

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart ; and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort 71
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours : most welcome !
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,

If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons ! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't !

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods !

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men, 82
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods !
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus's false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in :
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd, 91
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less
welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place. Enter two
Senators and Tribunes.*

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ
That since the common men are now in action

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul : and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar ! 10

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

Sec. Sen.

Ay.

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

First Sen.

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant : the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Wales : near the cave of Belarius.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me ! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too ? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his ; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions : yet this imperceivable thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is ! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off ; thy mistress enforced ; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face : and all this done, spurn her home to her father ; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage ; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe : out, sword, and to a sore purpose ! Fortune,

put them into my hand ! This is the very description of their meeting-place : and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Before the cave of Belarius. Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. [To Imogen]. You are not well : remain here in the cave ;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [To Imogen] Brother, stay here :
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting ; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well ;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick : so please you, leave me ;
Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom is
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me ; society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ! how ! how !

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why 20

I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
" My father, not this youth."

Bel. [Aside] O noble strain !

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell. 30

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what
lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court :
Experience, O, thou disprovest report !
The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still ; heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

[Swallows some.]

Gui. I could not stir him :

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field !

We'll leave you for this time : go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen to the cave.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! he cuts our roots
In characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick 50
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience !
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine ! 60

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away !—Who's
there ?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates ; that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. "Those runagates !"
Means he not us ? I partly know him : 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws : hence !

Gui. He is but one : you and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you, away ;

Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*

Clo. Soft ! What are you 70

That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineers ?

I have heard of such. What slave art thou ?

Gui. A thing

More slavish did I ne'er than answering

A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,

A law-breaker, a villain : yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who ? to thee ? What art thou ? Have not I

An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?

Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not

My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,

Why I should yield to thee ?

Clo. Thou villain base, 80

Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather : he made those clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,

My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank

The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,

Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name ?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,

I cannot tremble at it : were it Toad, or Adder, or

Spider, 90

'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard ?

Gui. Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise :
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death :
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads : 99
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No companies abroad ?

Arv. None in the world : you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his : I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them :
I wish my brother made good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 110
Of roaring terrors ; for defect of judgement
Is oft the cease of fear. But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse ;
There was no money in't : not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne

My head as I do his.

Bel.

What hast thou done ?

Gui. I am perfect what : cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore 120
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods !—they
grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.

Bel.

We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us : then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law ? What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel.

No single soul

130

Can we set eye on ; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved
To bring him here alone ; although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head ; the which he
hearing—

As it is like him—might break out, and swear 140
He'd fetch us in ; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering : then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it : howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en 150
His head from him : I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten :
That's all I reck. [Exit.

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged :
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't ! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me ! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through 160
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock ;
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him : to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st 170
 In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 Civility not seen from other, valour
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180
 As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
 What Cloten's being here to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother ?
 I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother : his body's hostage
 For his return. [*Solemn music.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark !

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ? since death of my
 dear'st mother 190

It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
 Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
 Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwal mad ?

Bel. Look, here he comes,
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms

Of what we blame him for.

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead, bearing her in his arms.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, 200
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in ? Thou blessed thing !
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made ;
but I,
Thou diedst a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him ?

Arv. Stark, as you see :
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, 210
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagued : I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers

Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack 220
 The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
 The azure harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would,
 With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
 Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument !—bring thee all this ;
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
 To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done ;
 And do not play in wench-like words with that 230
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
 And not protract with admiration what
 Is now due debt. To the grave !

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :
 And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
 As once our mother ; use like note and words,
 Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
 I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee ; 240
 For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
 Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less ; for
 Cloten
 Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;
 And though he came our enemy, remember
 He was paid for that : though mean and mighty,
 rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely ;
And though you took his life, as being a foe, 250
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east ;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done, 260
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash, 270
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;

Arv. Thou hast finished joy and moan :

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee !

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !

Both. Quiet consummation have : 280
And renownèd be thy grave !

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies : come lay him
down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers : but 'bout midnight,
more :

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so

These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.

Come on, away : apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has them again :

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. 290

[Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.]

Imo. *[Awaking]* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven ; which
is the way ?—

I thank you.—By yond bush ?—Pray, how far thither ?

'Ods pittikins ! can it be six mile yet ?—

I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft ! no bedfellow !—O gods and goddesses !

[Seeing the body of Cloten.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;

This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream ;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures : but 'tis not so ;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 300
Which the brain makes of fumes : our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear : but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me ; not imagined, felt.
A headless man ! The garments of Posthumus !
I know the shape of's leg : this is his hand ;
His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ; 310
The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven ?—How !—'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,
Conspired with that irregularous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous ! Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forgèd letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top ! O Posthumus ! alas, 320
Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ay me ! where's
that ?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be ? Pisanio ?
'Tis he and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant !
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses ? That confirms it home :
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 330
That we the horridier may seem to those

Which chance to find us : O, my lord, my lord !

[*Falls on the body.*]

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships :
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome ?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service : and they come -
Under the conduct of noble Iachimo, 340
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present
numbers

Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose ?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus :
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination— 351
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho ! what trunk is here
Without his top ? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How ! a page !
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? but dead rather ;

For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems 361
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it? What
art thou?

Imo. I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas ! 370
There is no more such masters : I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth !
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding : say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same : 380
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner

Than thine own worth prefer thee : go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig ; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his
grave, 390

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh ;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth ;
And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,
The boy has taught us manly duties : let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave : come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd 400
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace. Enter*
CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and Attendants.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
[*Exit an Attendant.*]

A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone ; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
So needful for this present : it strikes me, past

The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and 10
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours ;
I humbly set it at your will ; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your high-
ness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here :
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[*To Pisanio*] We'll slip you for a season ; but our
jealousy
Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen !
I am amazed with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of : come more, for more you're
ready : 30
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw ;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not

What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here. Away !

[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain : 'tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings ; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain 40
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest ; not true, to be true
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Wales : before the cave of Belarius. Enter*
BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure ?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us ? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render 11
Where we have lived, and so extort from's that

Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note, 20
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so 30
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : what thing is it that I never
Did see man die ! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison !
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ! I am ashamed 40
To look upon the holy sun, to have

The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I : amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys !
If in your country wars you chance to die, 51
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long ; their
blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman Camp. Enter*
POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little ! O Pisanio !
Every good servant does not all commands :
No bond but to do just ones. Gods ! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this : so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck 10
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's
love,
To have them fall no more : you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own : do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey ! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom : 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace ! 20
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me

Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight
Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death ; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show. 30
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Field of battle between the British and Roman camps. Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army : from the other side, the British Army ; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS : he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood : I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me ; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession ? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [Exit. 10

The battle continues ; the Britons fly ; CYMBELINE is

taken : then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand ! We have the advantage of the ground :

The lane is guarded : nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. }
Arv. }

Stand, stand, and fight !

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons : they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS, and IACHIMO, with IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself ;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely : or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field. Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did :

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir ; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought : the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane ; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling 10
Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane ?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
turf ;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant ; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country : athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter ; 20
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame,—
Made good the passage ; cried to those that fled,
“ Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men :
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand ;
Or we are Romans and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown : stand, stand.” These
three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many—
For three performers are the file when all 30
The rest do nothing—with this word “ Stand, stand.”
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd
coward

But by example—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners !—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began

A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon 40
A rout, confusion thick ; forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ; slaves,
The strides they victors made : and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need : having found the back-door
open

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound !
Some slain before ; some dying ; some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave : ten, chased by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance :
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :
" Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end ?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend ; 60
For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell ; you're angry.

Post. Still going ? [*Exit Lord.*] This is a lord ! O
noble misery,
To be i' the field, and ask " what news ? " of me !
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses ! took heel to do't,
And yet died too ! I in mine own woe charm'd,

Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck : being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds, 71
Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find
him :

For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in : fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman ; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death ; 80
On either side I come to spend my breath ;
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised ! Lucius is
taken. .

'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported :
But none of 'em can be found. Stand ! who's there ?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds 90
Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him ; a dog !
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his
service

As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, Attendants, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler : then exeunt omnes.

SCENE IV. *A British prison. Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.*

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you ;
So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol.

Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty : yet am I better Than one that's sick o' the gout ; since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity than be cured By the sure physician, death, who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd More than my shanks and wrists : you good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10
Then, free for ever ! Is't enough I am sorry ?
So children temporal fathers do appease ;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrain'd : to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20

On their abatement : that's not my desire :
 For Imogen's dear life take mine ; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :
 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :
 You rather mine, being yours : and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [Sleeps.

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior ; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them : then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the war. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show 30
 Thy spite on mortal flies :
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw ?
 I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
 Attending nature's law :
 Whose father then, as men report
 Thou orphans' father art, 40
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes ;

That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world, 50
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel ;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast 60
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen ?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy ;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' th' other's villany ?

Sec. Bro. For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain, 70
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd :
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd ?

80

Sici. Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help ;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

90

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle ; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing ; hush ! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :
Be not with mortal accidents oppress ;
No care of yours it is ; you know 'tis ours.

100

Whom best I love I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine : 110
And so, away : no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*
Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields : his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloyes his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd 120
His radiant roof. Away ! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,
and begot
A father to me ; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers : but, O scorn !
Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born :
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve :
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130
And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,

That have this golden chance and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O rare
one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads*] " When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a
piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar
shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and
freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries,
Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty."
'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not ; either both or nothing ;
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

150

Re-enter Gaolers.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather ; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir : if you be
ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,
the dish pays the shot.

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the
comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments,
fear no more tavern-bills ; which are often the sadness
of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you come in
faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much
drink ; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry

that you are paid too much ; purse and brain both empty ; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness : of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord ! it sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true debtor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge : your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live. 171

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache : but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer ; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow. 177

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictured : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or do take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril : and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them. 187

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness ! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles ; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news ; I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt all but the First Gaoler.* 197]

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman : and there be some of them too that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses ! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Cymbeline's tent. Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found :
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him ? 10

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward ; [*To Belarius, Guiderius, and
Arviragus*] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle : I create you 20
Companions to our person and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become ? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she ? 30

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confessed
I will report, so please you : these her women
Can trip me, if I err ; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only

Affected greatness got by you, not you :
Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this ; 40
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
Who is't can read a woman ? Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took, 50
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you : in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown :
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so 60
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

First Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,

And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss 70
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth 80
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat ; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm, 90
Though he have served a Roman : save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say " live, boy " : ne'er thank thy master ; live :

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ; 101
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no : alack,
There's other work in hand : I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more : think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?
speak, 110

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : walk with me ; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death ?

Arv. One and another

Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad 121
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ;
forbear ;

Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. [*Aside*] It is my mistress :
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. [*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you
forth ; 130

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside*] What's that to him ?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How ! me ?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that 141
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring : 'twas Leonatus' jewel ;
Whom thou didst banish ; and—which more may
grieve thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord ?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave ; I faint.

Cym. My daughter ! what of her ? Renew thy
strength : 150

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more : strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour !—it was in Rome,—accursed
The mansion where !—'twas at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved to head !—the good Posthumus—
What should I say ? he was too good to be
Where ill men were ; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones,—sitting sadly, 160
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak, for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—

Cym. I stand on fire :
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one 171
That had a royal lover, took his hint ;
And, not dispraising whom we praised,—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began

His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym.

Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180
And she alone were cold : whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had it 190
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design : well may you, sir,
Remember me at court ; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent :
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I returned with simular proof enough 200
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it !—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now—

Post. [Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend ! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come ! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer ! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious : it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter :—villain-like, I lie—
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't : the temple 220
Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me : every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus ; and
Be villany less than 'twas ! O Imogen !
My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this ? Thou scornful
page,
There lie thy part. [Striking her : she falls.

Pis. O, gentlemen, help !
Mine and your mistress ! O, my lord Posthumus !
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help ! 231
Mine honour'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How come these staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistress !

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight ;
Thou gavest me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen !

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if 240
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing : I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods !

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest : " If Pisanio
Have," said she, " given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat."

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending 250
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem : I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele. 260

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you ?

Think that you are upon a rock ; and now
 Throw me again. [Embracing him.]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
 Till the tree die !

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child !
 What, makest thou me a dullard in this act ?
 Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. [Kneeling] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [To Guiderius and Arviragus] Though you did
 love this youth, I blame ye not ;
 You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall
 Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
 Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord. 270

Cym. O, she was naught ; and long of her it was
 That we meet here so strangely : but her son
 Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. My lord,
 Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
 Upon my lady's missing, came to me
 With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and
 swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
 It was my instant death. By accident,
 I had a feigned letter of my master's
 Then in my pocket ; which directed him 280
 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 Which he enforcèd from me, away he posts
 With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour : what became of him
 I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story :

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : prithee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it. 290

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one : the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law : thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender, 300
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king :
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself ; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone ;
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three, 310
But I will prove that two on's are as good

As I have given out him. My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arr. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave.

Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him ? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age ; indeed a banish'd man ;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence : 320
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons !

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy : here's my knee :
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ! my issue !

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years

Have I train'd up : those arts they have as I
Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, 340
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment : I moved her to't,
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then : beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason : their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens 350
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children :
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lapp'd 360
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation,

To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be, 370
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridge-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies, 390
From chance to chance; but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye

On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy : the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
[To *Belarius*] Thou art my brother ; so we'll hold
thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me, 400
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds : let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomeed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching ; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then followed. That I was he, 410
Speak, Iachimo : I had you down and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [Kneeling] I am down again :
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe : but your ring first ;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me :
The power that I have on you is to spare you ;
The malice towards you to forgive you : live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd ! 420

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of
Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer : as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred : when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom ; whose containing 430
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it : let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus !

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads*] " When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be
embraced by a piece of tender air ; and when from a
stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being
dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the
old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus
end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in
peace and plenty." 442

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous
daughter,

Which we call " mollis aer " ; and " mollis aer "
We term it " mulier," which " mulier " I divine
Is this most constant wife ; who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle, 450
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee : and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth ; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well ;
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar, 460
And to the Roman empire ; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this piece. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant 470
Is full accomplish'd ; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd : which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : let
A Roman and a British ensign wave 480

sc. v]

CYMBELINE

Friendly together : so through Lud's-town march :
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.
Set on there ! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[Exeunt.]

NOTES

Act I

Scene 1

Gentlemen at the Court of Cymbeline lament that Posthumus Leonatus has been banished for marrying Cymbeline's daughter, Imogen. The Queen pretends to sympathise with Imogen and Posthumus, but in reality hates them and wishes Cloten, her son by her previous marriage, to succeed to the throne. Cymbeline discovers Posthumus taking a loving farewell of Imogen, and in rage orders Imogen to be confined within the palace. Pisanio, servant to Posthumus, reports that Cloten has provoked Posthumus to a duel.

1. 1. *You do not . . . but frowns* : every man one meets frowns.
11. 1-3. *Our bloods . . . does the king* : our passions are not more subject to planetary influence than our courtiers continually reflect the moods of the king. Human disposition was supposed to be influenced by the position of the planets at the time of a man's birth.
1. 4. *Of's* : of his.
1. 5. *He purposed to his wife's . . . son* : whom he proposed to marry to his stepson.
1. 6. *Referr'd herself* : given herself in marriage.
1. 13. *To the bent* : according to the expression.
1. 24. *You speak him far* : you praise him exceedingly.
1. 25. *I do extend him, sir, within himself* : "I unfold at large his virtues, but within the measure of himself" (Ingleby).
11. 26-27. *Crush him together . . . duly* : underrate him rather than overpraise him.
1. 28. *Delve him to the root* : trace his origin.
1. 29. *Sicilius* : the name in Holinshed of an early king of Britain who reigned in the fifth century.

11. 29-31. *Who did join his honour. . . . But had his titles by Tenantius* : who collaborated honourably with Cassibelan in fighting against the Romans but did not obtain recognition till he served with Tenantius.

Cassibelan : brother of Lud, a mythical king of Britain, whom he succeeded. Cassibelan unsuccessfully opposed Caesar's second invasion in 54 B.C.

Tenantius : the father of Cymbeline, succeeded Cassibelan on the throne.

1. 33. *Sur-addition* : additional title.
 1. 37. *Fond of issue* : doting on the children he had lost.
 1. 38. *Quit being* : died.
 1. 42. *Makes him . . . his bed-chamber* : makes him a gentleman of his bed-chamber.
 1. 46. *In's spring became a harvest* : matured in wisdom while he was still young.
 1. 49. *Glass that feated them* : an example which constrained them to propriety.
 1. 51. *Her own price* : i.e. the price she paid by giving herself to him in marriage.
 1. 53. *Election* : choice (of him as husband).
 1. 59. *Swathing-clothes* : swaddling-clothes.
 1. 60. *No guess in knowledge* : no one has guessed for certain.
 1. 71. *After* : according to.
 1. 78. *Lean'd unto his sentence* : bowed to his will.
 1. 81. *Fetch* : take.
 1. 87. *Always reserved my holy duty* : so far as the sacred obligation of my filial duty allows.
 1. 105. *Does buy my injuries, to be friends* : extends me kindness in return for the wrongs I do him in order to be friends again.
 1. 116. *Sear up* : dry up, wither.
 1. 121. *I still win of you* : I still give less than I receive ; i.e. the bracelet he gives her is less valuable, he maintains, than the ring she has given him.
 1. 126. *Fraught* : load, burden.
 1. 129. *Remainders* : those who remain.
 1. 135. *Senseless of* : insensitive to.
 A touch more rare : a pain more exquisite.
 1. 140. *Puttock* : a bird of the common kite species.
 11. 146-147. *Overbuys me . . . he pays* : pays more than

I am worth to the extent that he is worth more than me.

- l. 149. *Neat-herd* : cowherd.
- l. 160. *Drew on* : drew his sword on.
- l. 167. *In Afric* : i.e. in some desolate spot.
- l. 169. *The goer-back* : the one who retreats.

Scene II

Cloten discusses his combat with Posthumus and his desire for Imogen.

- l. 1. *Shift* : change.
- l. 2. *Reek as a sacrifice* : smoke like a sacrifice.
- ll. 3-4. *There's none abroad . . . that you vent* : there is no outward air so wholesome for you as the air which you emit from your own lungs.
- l. 9. *Passable* : affording a passage.
- ll. 12-13. *Went o' the backside the town* : went through the back streets of the town like a debtor anxious to avoid his creditors.
- l. 14. *Stand me* : stand up to me.
- l. 15. *Still* : all the time.
- l. 27. *A true election* : an honest choice.
- l. 30. *She's a good sign* : her outward appearance is fair.

Scene III

Pisanio describes to Imogen Posthumus's departure for Italy.

- l. 1. *Grew'st unto the shores* : i.e. were always there as the limpet sticks to the rock.
- l. 4. *As offer'd mercy is* : (the loss of the letter would be as cruel) as the loss of a pardon sent to a condemned criminal.
- l. 7. *Senseless* : insensible.
- ll. 15-16. *Ere left . . . after-eye him* : before you ceased to gaze after him.
- l. 17. *Eye-strings* : tendons of the eye which were supposed to break at death.
- l. 24. *With his next vantage* : at his first opportunity.
- l. 29. *Shes* : ladies.
- l. 32. *Encounter me with orisons* : join with me in prayers.

Scene IV

At the house of Philario in Rome, Iachimo, a friend of Philario's, wagers ten thousand ducats against the diamond ring which Imogen gave Posthumus that he will seduce Imogen. Posthumus, certain of his wife's fidelity, accepts the wager.

- l. 2. *Of a crescent note* : growing in fame.
- ll. 9-10. *With that which makes him both without and within* : i.e. handsomeness of outward appearance and inward nobility of mind.
- l. 12. *Could behold the sun* : according to a medieval fable, the eagle proves its quality by flying towards the sun and gazing at it.
- ll. 16-17. *Words him . . . from the matter* : makes the report of him very far from the truth.
- ll. 19-21. *The approbation of those . . . extend him* : the approval of those who lament his separation from Imogen, because they sympathise with her, greatly exaggerates his merits.
- l. 23. *Without less quality* : the sense requires without more quality.
- l. 24. *How creeps acquaintance?* : how does he come to be acquainted with you?
- l. 33. *Story* : describe.
- l. 34. *Known together* : known one another.
- l. 36. *I will be ever to pay . . . pay still* : I shall always be paying and yet still be in debt.
- l. 38. *Atone* : reconcile.
- l. 39. *Put together* : opposed in fight.
Mortal : deadly.
- l. 40. *Importance* : provocation.
- ll. 43-44. *Shunned to go even with what I heard* : refused to agree with what I was told.
- l. 45. *But upon my mended judgement* : but now that I am older and wiser.
- l. 50. *Confounded one the other* : destroyed each other.
- l. 59. *Constant-qualified* : endowed with constancy.
- l. 60. *Attemptable* : open to attempts.
- l. 63. *By this worn out* : is by this time given up.

- ll. 67-68. *I would abate her nothing* : I would not depreciate her at all.
- l. 80. *Unparagoned* : matchless.
- l. 81. *Outprized* : exceeded in value.
- l. 88. *In title yours* : yours by name.
- l. 91. *Unprizable estimations* : things of inestimable value.
- l. 96. *Convince* : overcome.
- l. 99. *Fear not my ring* : fear not for my ring.
- l. 100. *Let us leave here* : let us change the conversation.
- l. 107. *Friend* : befriend me.
- l. 109. *Moiety* : half.
- ll. 115-116. *Abused in too bold a persuasion* : deceived by your exaggerated self-confidence.
- l. 125. *Approbation* : proof.
- l. 128. *Ducat* : in Italy 'the ducat was a silver coin worth about 3s. 6d.
- ll. 137-138. *You have some religion . . . fear* : "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge" (Proverbs i. 7).
- ll. 153-154. *Provided I have your commendation* : provided you introduce me.
- l. 159. *Directly* : clearly.

Scene v

The Queen asks her physician, Cornelius, to supply her with poisonous drugs. Cornelius, distrusting her, gives her drugs which only produce a temporary appearance of death : these the Queen gives to Pisanio.

- l. 18. *Conclusions* : experiments.
- l. 22. *Allayments* : means of abatement.
- l. 47. *Quench* : cool down.
- l. 68. *Think what a chance thou changest on* : consider what a prospect of increased fortune you have by changing service.
- l. 69. *To boot* : into the bargain.
- l. 73. *Desert* : deserving.
- l. 77. *Remembrancer* : one who reminds.
- l. 78. *Hand-fast* : marriage contract.
- ll. 79-80. *Unpeople her . . . liegers for her sweet* : deprive her of ambassadors who might serve her lover.

Scene VI

Iachimo, confronted with Imogen, realises that he has no chance of success, and therefore plans to win his wager by guile.

ll. 6-7. *Most miserable . . . glorious* : most miserable is noble aspiration which is unsatisfied.

l. 9. *Seasons* : gives a zest to.

l. 11. *Change you, madam?* : do you change colour, madam?

l. 17. *The Arabian bird* : the phoenix, fabled to be unique.

l. 20. *Like the Parthian . . . flying fight* : the Parthians, people of Scythia, were famous as mounted archers who shot arrows as they retreated.

l. 34. *Twinn'd* : exactly alike.

l. 37. *Makes your admiration* : causes your surprise.

l. 39. *Shes* : cf. note on I. III. 29.

Chatter this way : show their admiration in the former case by chattering.

l. 40. *Mows* : grimaces.

l. 41. *In this case of favour* : in this question of beauty.

l. 42. *Be wisely definite* : distinguish discerningly.

ll. 43-45. *Sluttish . . . allured to feed* : sensuality when confronted with such exquisite perfection would make desire void and shrink from thus satisfying itself.

l. 46. *Trow* : I wonder.

ll. 46-49. *The cloyed will . . . for the garbage* : surfeited lust, satisfied yet unsatisfied desire, like a tub brim-full but flowing over, eats the delicate lamb and then longs also to consume garbage.

l. 50. *Raps* : transports.

l. 65. *Gallian* : French.

Furnaces : exhales as from a furnace.

ll. 71-72. *His free hours . . . Assured bondage* : spend his free time in languishing after the bonds of matrimony.

ll. 78-81. *In himself, 'tis much . . . To pity too* : Heaven has endowed him with many inherent gifts, and has showered them without parallel upon you, whom I count as his, so that while I am moved to wonder at your excellence I cannot help also pitying you (for his baseness).

- l. 83. *Wreck* : sign of ruin.
- ll. 84-86. *Lamentable . . . by a snuff* : It is lamentable. Do you think if I were Posthumus I'd hide myself from the radiance of the sun and take delight in a dungeon lit by an expiring candle ?
Snuff : literally, the end of the candle wick which is snuffed off when its capacity for burning is finished.
- l. 91. *Venge* : avenge.
- l. 97. *Discover* : reveal.
- l. 98. *Spur and stop* : seem eager, and then refuse to say.
- l. 104. *Slaver* : befoul.
As common : as common property.
- l. 105. *The Capitol* : the Temple of Jupiter at Rome.
Join gripes : join in grasping.
- l. 107. *By-peeping* : looking aside.
- l. 111. *Encounter* : fall on, punish.
- l. 113. *Inclined to this intelligence* : anxious to give this information.
- l. 119. *Empery* : territory of an emperor.
- l. 120. *Would make the great'st king double* : would double the wealth of even the greatest king (if he possessed it).
- l. 121. *Tomboys* : wanton women.
Exhibition : financial allowance made for a person's support.
- l. 124. *Recoil* : degenerate.
- ll. 126-127. *As I have such a heart . . . abuse* : since my heart is so full of love that I must not allow it to be deceived easily by what I hear.
- l. 130. *Runagate* : deserter.
- l. 132. *Still close as sure* : always as secret as I will be steadfast.
- ll. 138-139. *As far From thy report* : as much unlike what you report him to be.
- ll. 145-147. *The credit . . . Her assured credit* : the faith your lady has in you deserves your trust, and your perfection deserves her implicit confidence.
- l. 151. *Affiance* : confidence.
- ll. 152-153. *Shall make your lord . . . new o'er* : I will renew the confidence which your lord already has in you.
- l. 154. *Witch* : applied by Elizabethan writers to either sex.

- l. 165. *Fan* : test ; literally, to winnow corn.
- l. 166. *Chaffless* : without alloy ; literally, without chaff, continuing the metaphor of winnowing corn.
- l. 176. *Factor* : agent.
- l. 188. *Short my word* : cut short or break my word.
- l. 189. *Gallia* : France.

Act II

Scene I

Cloten is flattered by the toadying Lords of the Court.

- l. 2. *Kissed* : hit.
The jack : the small bowl at which the players aim the larger bowls in that game.
Up-cast : a throw at bowls.
- l. 4. *Take me up* : reprove.
- l. 24. *Capon* : a bird typifying stupidity.
- l. 27. *Undertake* : have dealings with.
- l. 45. *Derogation* : disparagement.
- l. 46. *Derogate* : act in a manner derogatory to one's disposition.
- l. 63. *Of the divorce he'ld make* : i.e. the divorce which Cloten purposes to cause.

Scene II

Iachimo, having introduced himself into Imogen's bedroom in a trunk, is able, while she is asleep, to note down sufficient details to make it appear that he has won his wager.

- ll. 12-14. *Our Tarquin . . . the chastity he wounded*. Sextus Tarquinius, son of Tarquin Superbus, the seventh legendary king of Rome in the sixth century B.C., forcibly dishonoured Lucretia, daughter of Lucretius and wife of Tarquinius Collatinus. Lucretia killed herself, and the indignation which was aroused among the Roman people contributed largely to the expulsion of the Tarquin monarchy and the establishment of consuls.

Our : because Iachimo also was a Roman.

The rushes : rushes were then used for carpets.

1. 14. *Cytherea* : Venus, goddess of love, synonym for beauty.
1. 18. *They do't* : i.e. Imogen's lips kiss one another.
1. 23. *Tinct* : colour.
1. 26. *Arras* : hanging tapestry.
Figures : the figures represented on the tapestry.
1. 27. *The story* : the story of Cleopatra told on the tapestry. See II. iv. 69-72.
1. 28. *Notes* : marks, indications.
1. 34. *The Gordian knot* : Gordius, a Phrygian peasant, became king in consequence of an oracle which advised the Phrygians to crown the first man who was seen approaching Jupiter's temple in a wagon. Gordius dedicated his wagon to Jupiter, and fastened the yoke to the pole with so ingenious a knot that it was said that whoever untied it would secure the whole empire of Asia. Alexander the Great severed the knot with his sword.
1. 37. *Madding* : maddening.
1. 38. *Cinque-spotted* : having five spots.
11. 45-46. *The tale of Tereus . . . Philomel gave up* : Procne, daughter of Pandion, King of Athens, married Tereus, King of Thrace. As she pined for the companionship of her sister Philomela, Tereus undertook to escort Philomela to her, but, falling in love with her on the way, he assaulted her ; lest this should be discovered, he cut off her tongue, concealed her, and reported to Procne that she was dead. Philomela managed to depict her ill-usage on a piece of tapestry work which she conveyed to Procne. The sisters conspired to avenge themselves on Tereus. Procne killed Itys, her son by Tereus, and served his flesh up as food to Tereus. Tereus was about to attack the sisters with his sword, when he was turned into a hoopoe, a bird of gay plumage ; Philomela was changed into a nightingale and Procne into a swallow.
1. 48. *Dragons of the night* : Shakespeare attributes a yoke of dragons to the goddess of the night ; cf. " For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast " (" A Midsummer-night's Dream," III. ii. 379).

Scene III

Cloten serenades Imogen. The King and Queen resolve to force Imogen to a second marriage with Cloten. An ambassador is announced from Rome.

1. 2. *Turned up ace* : threw up the ace, the lowest throw at dice.
1. 17. *Good-conceited* : cleverly devised.
1. 21. *Phoebus* : the sun-god.
1. 23. *Chaliced flowers* : flowers with cup-shaped blossoms.
1. 24. *Mary-buds* : buds of the marigold.
1. 32. *Horse-hairs and calves'-guts* : used in making fiddles and fiddle-bows.
1. 44. *Minion* : darling.
1. 48. *Vantages* : favourable opportunities.
1. 49-50. *Frame yourself . . . orderly soliciting* : devote yourself to systematic wooing.
1. 50-51. *Be friended . . . of the season* : take advantage of every suitable opportunity.
1. 55-56. *Save when command . . . senseless* : except when she dismisses you, when you should pretend to be deaf.
Senseless ! not so : Cloten misunderstands the Queen and thinks that by senseless she means stupid.
1. 62. *His goodness forespent on us* : because of the good offices which he has previously performed on our behalf.
1. 70. *Line one of their hands* : bribe one of them.
1. 72. *Diana's rangers* : the game-keepers of Diana, goddess of forestry and chastity, nymphs vowed to chastity.
1. 73. *The stand* : the position taken up by a huntsman or archer.
1. 108. *Verbal* : out-spoken.
1. 122. *You are curb'd from that enlargement* : you are restrained from that freedom of action.
1. 125. *Hilding* : worthless fellow.
For a livery, a squire's cloth : only fit to wear a livery, the garb of a gentleman's servant.
1. 126. *Pantler* : servant in charge of the pantry.
1. 127. *Jupiter* : chief of the gods.

- ll. 129-132. *Thou wert dignified . . . kingdom* : you would only have sufficient dignity, if you were to be treated in accordance with your qualities—which would be an enviable piece of luck—and were made the assistant hangman in his kingdom.
- l. 136. *Clipped* : surrounded, embraced.
- l. 140. *Presently* : immediately.
- l. 141. *Spirited with* : haunted by.
- l. 144. *Shrew* : beshrew, bother.

Scene IV

Iachimo contrives to convince Posthumus that he has proved Imogen unfaithful and won the wager.

- l. 3. *What means do you make to him?* : what steps are you taking to win Cymbeline over?
- l. 6. *Fear'd* : blighted.
- l. 7. *Gratify* : requite.
- l. 11. *Great Augustus* : Caesar Augustus, 63 B.C.—A.D. 14, first Emperor of Rome.
- l. 13. *Arrearages* : arrears.
- l. 16. *Statist* : statesman.
- ll. 21-22. *When Julius Cæsar smiled . . . lack of skill* : Julius Caesar invaded Britain twice : though he defeated the Britons and forced them to promise to pay him annual tribute, the subjection he imposed was only nominal, and Britain remained independent of the Romans for nearly 100 years longer.
- l. 26. *Mend upon the world* : rise in the world's estimation.
- l. 27. *Posted you* : conveyed you (even more swiftly than horses).
- ll. 70-71. *Proud Cleopatra . . . met her Roman . . . Cydnus swell'd above the banks* : Cydnus is the river of Cilicia on which Cleopatra had herself rowed in a State barge when she first met Antony. She so dazzled him by her fascinations and sumptuous entertainment that he became enthralled. See Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," II. ii.
- l. 80. *Chimney* : fireplace.
- l. 82. *Chaste Dian bathing* : Diana, sister of Apollo, was

represented by the poets as a maiden goddess, never conquered by love.

- ll. 83-85. *Likely to report themselves* : so likely to come alive and speak.

The cutter . . . left out : "The sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb; he gave everything that nature gives but breath and motion. In *breath* is included speech" (Dr. Johnson).

- l. 88. *Fretted* : adorned (with embossed work).

Andirons : fire-dogs.

- ll. 90-91. *Nicely . . . brands* : leaning elegantly on their torches.

- l. 96. *Be pale* : i.e. restrain yourself from flushing with anger.

- l. 107. *Basilisk* : a fabulous reptile supposed to kill by its breath or look.

- l. 109. *Semblance* : the appearance (of truth).

- l. 127. *Cognisance* : mark by which something is known.

- l. 143. *Once, and a million!* once is as bad as a million times!

- l. 146. *Cuckold* : husband whose wife is unfaithful to him.

- l. 147. *Limbmeal* : limb from limb.

Scene v

Posthumus, supposing Imogen guilty, is frantic with jealous fury.

- l. 1. *To be* : to come into existence.

- l. 7. *The Dian* : see note on previous Scene, line 82.

- l. 8. *Nonpareil* : without equal.

- l. 11. *Pudency* : modesty.

- l. 12. *Old Saturn* : chief of the elder dynasty of gods who was expelled from his throne by his son Jupiter.

- l. 20. *Nice* : wanton.

Act III

Scene 1

Cymbeline having refused the demand from Rome that he shall pay tribute, the Roman ambassador declares war.

- ll. 1-2. *Augustus Cæsar . . . Julius Cæsar* : see Introduction, p. xxiii. ll. 11-14.
- l. 5. *Cassibelan* : see note on I. i. 30.
- l. 10. *To kill the marvel* : to put an end to your surprise.
- l. 14. *For wearing our own noses* : i.e. for being ourselves, and not Romans with Roman noses : cf. Cloten's reference to "crook'd" Roman noses in l. 37.
- ll. 14-16. *That opportunity . . . We have again* : the favourable opportunity which they then had for exacting tribute from us we now have for refusing to continue paying it.
- l. 18. *Bravery* : defiance.
- l. 19. *Neptune* : god of the sea.
Ribbed : enclosed with a stout protection.
Paed in : encircled.
- l. 21. *Sands* : quicksands.
- ll. 23-24. *His brag Of "Came", etc* : Caesar wrote "Veni, vidi, vici" after defeating the King of Pontus.
- l. 27. *Baubles* : mere toys.
- ll. 30-31. *Once at point . . . to master* : was just on the point of mastering.
- l. 31. *Giglot* : wanton, fickle.
- l. 32. *Lud's town* : London. For Lud see note on Cassibelan, I. i. 30. "By reason that King was so much esteemed that citie Troynovant the name was changed, so that it was called Caerlud, that is to saie, Luds towne ; and after by corruption of speech it was named London" (Holinshed). King Lud's name still survives in Ludgate Circus, etc.
- l. 36. *Moe* : more.
- l. 37. *Owe* : own.
- l. 40. *Gripe* : grasp.
- l. 47. *Injurious* : insulting.
- l. 50. *Against all colour* : without any pretence of justification.
- l. 54. *Mulmutius* : according to Holinshed, the first King of Britain who made "manie good lawes" and was "crowned with a golden crowne."
- ll. 55-56. *Our laws, whose use . . . mangled* : the usage of which laws has been too much annulled by Caesar's violence.
- l. 56. *Franchise* : free exercise.

ll. 71-72. *Which he to seek . . . at utterance* : which (honour), if he comes to take it away from me again, it behoves me to defend to the uttermost.

l. 72. *Perfect* : assured.

l. 73. *The Pannonians* : inhabited a Roman province between the Danube and the Alps.

The Dalmatians : an Illyrian people who lived along the east coast of the Adriatic sea. The Pannonians united with the Dalmatians to revolt against Rome in A.D. 7, but were suppressed by the Emperor Tiberius : this, as a fact, happened not when Cymbeline but when his father Tenantius was King of Britain.

Scene II

Pisanio has received written instructions from Posthumus to kill Imogen. He gives Imogen another letter from Posthumus in which he tells her that he is returning from Rome and that she is to go to Milford-Haven to meet him, his object being that Pisanio shall kill her *en route*.

l. 9. *Take in* : subdue.

l. 21. *Feodary* : confederate.

l. 28. *Characters* : handwriting.

l. 33. *Med'cinable* : healing.

ll. 34-35. *Doth physic love* : makes love stronger.

Of his content, All but in that : let the letter "relish" of content in every respect except that of their separation.

l. 35. *Good wax* : with which the letter is sealed.

l. 38. *Forfeitters* : those who have forfeited an estate. Sealing-wax being needed for the bond, Imogen makes the bees responsible for the forfeitters being imprisoned.

l. 39. *Cupid's tables* : love-letters.

ll. 40-43. *Your father's wrath . . . with your eyes* : your father's wrath could not injure me so much as the sight of you, if I could see you, would do me good.

l. 44. *Cambria* : Wales.

l. 54. *Bate* : abate, deduct (from what I have said).

l. 56. *Speak thick* : utter rapidly.

l. 57. *Bores of hearing* : i.e. the ears ; *bore* is a small hole.

l. 72. *Sands* : in an hour-glass.

1. 75. *Presently* : immediately.
1. 77. *Franklin* : a landlord who was a freeholder and who ranked next below the gentry.
1. 78. I cannot see to the right or left, and what follows is wrapt in fog ; I can only see straight forward to Milford-Haven.

Scene III

Imogen's elder brothers, Guiderius and Arviragus, are introduced living in the Welsh mountains with an old nobleman, Belarius. These sons of Cymbeline were stolen in their infancy by Belarius, in revenge for his having been wrongfully banished by Cymbeline.

1. 1. *Not to keep house* : not to stay at home.
1. 4. *Holy office* : duty of prayer.
1. 5. *Jet* : strut, swagger.
1. 6. *Turbans* : giants were frequently confused in Tudor romances with Saracens whose normal head-dress was the turban.
11. 8-9. *Use thee not so hardly . . . livers do* : are more grateful to thee than those who dwell in more luxurious conditions.
1. 11. *Flats* : plains.
1. 13. That it is a position which shows a man off to worse or better advantage.
11. 16-17. *This service is not service . . . allow'd* : this service does not count merely because it is performed, but only if its performance is approved.
1. 20. *Sharded* : shards are the wing-cases of the beetle.
1. 22. *Attending for a check* : dancing attendance only to receive a snub.
11. 25-26. *Such gain the cap . . . book uncross'd* : such fine-dressed persons have the privilege of the tailor, who decks them out, lifting his cap to them ; nevertheless the tailor does not cross off from his books what they owe him.
No life to ours : no life can compare in attractiveness with ours.
1. 27. *Proof* : experience.
1. 33. *Travelling a-bed* : being able to travel only in dreams.

- l. 35. *To stride a limit* : to step beyond his boundary.
- l. 38. *Pinching* : distressingly cold.
- l. 46. *Felt them knowingly* : knew them by experience.
- l. 70. *Demesnes* : regions.
- l. 73. *Fore-end* : early part.
- ll. 77-78. *Which attends . . . greater state* : which is a feature of the high life I have been describing.
- l. 94. *Nerves* : sinews.

Scene IV

PISANIO reveals his instructions to Imogen, suggests that Posthumus has been deceived, and suggests that Imogen should array herself as a man and take service under Lucius who may take her to Rome.

Milford-Haven : on the coast of Pembrokeshire in South Wales.

- l. 1. *Came from horse* : dismounted.
- l. 3. *As I have now* : as I have now longed to see Posthumus.
- l. 8. *Beyond self-explication* : incapable of explaining himself.
- ll. 8-10. *Put thyself . . . my staid senses* : look less alarming lest terror overcome me.
- l. 15. *Drug-damn'd* : damned because of its poisons.
Out-craftied : outwitted.
- l. 16. *At some hard point* : in some extremity.
- l. 18. *Mortal* : fatal.
- l. 36. *Worms* : serpents.
- l. 37. *Posting* : speeding.
- l. 50. *Thy favour's good enough* : your appearance does not belie you.
Jay : light woman.
- l. 51. *Whose mother was her painting* : whose beauty was created only by paint.
- l. 53. *For I am richer . . . the walls* : and since I am rather too good to be hung up on the wall like an old garment.
- l. 55. *Good seeming* : apparent virtue.
- l. 57. *Put on for* : assumed to cloak.
- ll. 59-60. *True honest men . . . false* : True and honest men were thought to be false in the time of Aeneas when they were heard speaking like him.

Aeneas, in obedience to the gods, had to forsake Dido, Queen of Carthage, in order to fulfil his destiny of sailing to Italy to found the Latin race.

- ll. 60-62. *Sinon's weeping . . . true wretchedness* : Sinon's hypocritical tears brought discredit on much genuine grief, and prevented much true misery from exciting the pity it deserved.

Sinon, the treacherous Greek, having wounded himself and allowed himself to be captured by the Trojans, excited their pity by pretending that the Greeks had ill-treated him. He persuaded the Trojans to admit the wooden horse into Troy in which the Greek warriors were concealed, who in due course emerged, opened the gates, and captured the city.

- l. 63. *Lay the leaven . . . proper men* : will brand all honest men with the suspicion of dishonesty.
 l. 65. *Fail* : offence.
 l. 79. *Cravens* : makes cowardly.
 l. 81. *Obedient as the scabbard* : i.e. to receive the sword.
 l. 82. *Scriptures* : letters.
 l. 85. *Stomachers* : decorated coverings worn over the breast by women.
 l. 93-94. *It is no act . . . of rareness* : it is not an everyday occurrence, but an action of which only a woman out of the ordinary would have been capable.
 l. 95. *Disedged* : have the appetite satisfied.
 l. 96. *Tirest* : feedest ravenously.
 ll. 96-97. *Thy memory . . . pang'd by me* : what remorse you will feel when you think of me.
 ll. 110-111. *To be unbent . . .* : when you have not yet drawn your bow, although you have taken up your position to shoot and your intended victim is before you.
 l. 115. *Strumpet* : woman of ill character.
 l. 117. *Tent to bottom that* : probe that to the bottom.
 l. 122. *Abused* : deceived.
 l. 123. *Singular in his art* : unique in his cunning.
 ll. 145-146. *Wear a mind . . . fortune is* : disguise your feelings as well as your circumstances.
 ll. 146-148. *And but disguise . . . self-danger* : and disguise your sex which cannot at present be displayed without danger to itself.

- l. 149. *Pretty and full of view* : fair and open.
- l. 154. *Though I risk my modesty, without, of course, ruining it.*
- l. 157. *Niceness* : coyness.
- l. 161. *As quarrelous as the weasel* : cf. "A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen" ("I Henry IV", II. iii.).
Quarrelous : quarrelsome.
- l. 165. *Common-kissing Titan* : the sun who kisses everyone and everything.
Titan Hyperion was the sun-god while the Titans, the earliest dynasty of gods, reigned.
- l. 166. *Trims* : fine attire.
- l. 171. *Doublet* : close-fitting masculine body garment.
Hose : close-fitting breeches.
- l. 177. *Ear in music* : an ear for a pleasant voice like yours.
- l. 179. *Doubling that* : which is even more important.
Holy : virtuous.
- ll. 179-180. *Your means abroad . . . rich* : for means to support you while you are abroad you can rely on me to provide abundance.
- l. 181. *Supplyment* : continuance of supply.
- l. 182. *Diet* : feed.
- ll. 183-184. *We'll even . . . give us* : we will do whatever time allows.
- l. 185. *Soldier to* : face like a soldier.
- l. 193. *Distemper* : sickness.

Scene v

The discovery of Imogen's flight excites the fury of Cymbeline, the Queen, and Cloten.

- l. 1. *Thus far* : this is as much as I have to say.
- ll. 14-15. *The event . . . the winner* : the result has yet to prove who will be the winner.
- l. 17. *The Severn* : the river Severn, 210 miles in length, flows from north Wales to the Bristol Channel. After crossing the Severn, Lucius would take ship for Italy.
- l. 24. *Powers* : forces.
- l. 25. *Drawn to head* : collected.
- l. 35. *Too slight in sufferance* : too tolerant.

- l. 50. *Our great court* : the important business of our court (in receiving Lucius).
- l. 58. *Proceed by* : may be caused by.
- ll. 63-64. *My end . . . use of either* : my purpose is equally well served (whether she is dead or dishonoured).
- l. 69. *Forestall him of* : prevent him seeing (if he is dead).
- l. 72. *Than lady, ladies, women* : "than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind" (Dr. Johnson).
- l. 80. *Packing* : either making off or hesitating.
- l. 92. *Halting* : plotting.
Home : thoroughly.
- l. 95. *Discover* : reveal.
- l. 99. *This paper* : this is the "feigned paper" which Pisanio speaks of in V. v. 279. Rolfe suggests that it appears to have been prepared by Pisanio to account for Imogen's absence in case he should be charged with helping her to fly.
- l. 101. *Or this, or perish* : I must either surrender up the letter or perish (through Cloten's fury).
- l. 103. *May prove his travel* : may prove the cause of sending him travelling.
- l. 110. *Undergo* : undertake.
- l. 151. *Be a voluntary mute* : consent to be silent.
- l. 160. *Meed* : reward.

Scene VI

Imogen loses herself on her way to Milford-Haven and happens on the cave of Belarius in which she takes shelter.

- l. 6. *Within a ken* : within view.
- l. 7. *Foundations* : in the sense, perhaps, of charitable institutions.
- ll. 12-13. *To lapse in fulness . . . for need* : to tell falsehoods when one is in comfortable circumstances is more grievous than to lie when one is in need.
- l. 17. *At point* : on the point of.
- l. 18. *Hold* : beast's lair.
- l. 24. *Take or lend* : take my money or lend me assistance.
- l. 30. *Match* : bargain.
- l. 34. *Resty* : sluggish.

- l. 55. *But of those* : except by those (who worship filthy lucre).
- l. 65. *Churls* : rustic boors.
- l. 66. *Rude* : uncivilised.
- l. 67. *Cheer* : entertainment.
- l. 70. *I should woo hard . . . groom* : I should petition strongly to be your servant.
- ll. 70-71. *In honesty . . . as I'd buy* : I am sincere when I say I do not offer more for you than I'd pay, *i.e.* I do not exaggerate.
- ll. 77-79. *Then had my prize . . . To thee, Posthumus* : then, if I had been of rustic origin, I should have been more on a level with Posthumus.
Prize : price, value.
Ballasting : freight, weight.
Wrings : writhes.
- l. 81. *What* : whatever.
- l. 84. *Attend themselves* : wait on themselves.
- l. 85. *Seal'd them* : told them they possessed.
- l. 86. *Nothing-gift* : worthless gift.
Differing : differential, obsequious.
- l. 92. *Mannerly* : becomingly.

Scene VII

Preparations are made in Rome for the war against Britain.

- l. 1. *Writ* : written despatch.
- l. 9. *Commends* : entrusts.
- l. 10. *Absolute commission* : complete authority.
- l. 14. *Supplyant* : auxiliary.
- l. 15. *Tie you to* : determine for you exactly.

Act IV

Scene I

Cloten, dressed in a garment belonging to Posthumus, approaches Belarius's cave on his way to Milford-Haven where he goes to seek Imogen.

- ll. 3-4. *Who was made by him* : *i.e.* by God.
- l. 4. *Not be fit too* : *i.e.* not be suitable for me too.

1. 5. *Saving reverence . . . word* : if I may use the word.
1. 6. *By fits* : by fits and starts.
11. 6-7. *I must play the workman* : I must contrive to subdue Imogen.
1. 8. *Glass* : looking-glass.
1. 14. *Oppositions* : combats.
Imperceiverant : undiscerning.
1. 15. *In my despite* : in spite of my attractions.
1. 21. *Having power of his testiness* : being able to get the better of his bad temper.

Scene II

Imogen, alone in the cave of Belarius, feels ill and takes the drug given her by Pisanio from the Queen. The drug, being that which Cornelius substituted, produces in Imogen only the appearance of death. Cloten encounters Guiderius and Arvirgus and in a quarrel which ensues, is beheaded by Guiderius. The brothers, finding Imogen in her trance, suppose her to be really dead and bury her beside the headless body of Cloten. Imogen revives and supposes Cloten's corpse, which is dressed in Posthumus's clothes, to be that of Posthumus himself whom she imagines Pisanio has murdered. Lucius discovers her overwhelmed with horror and takes her into his service.

1. 3. *So man and man should be* : i.e. but Imogen, if Arvirgus knew it, is a woman.
1. 4. *Clay* : i.e. man, who is made from clay.
1. 8. *Citizen* : city-bred.
Wanton : pampered, effeminate person.
1. 9. *To seem to die ere sick* : to appear to be dying before being ill.
1. 10. *Journal course* : daily habits.
11. 10-11. *The breach of custom . . . of all* : not to follow one's routine is to upset everything.
1. 12. *Amend* : cure.
1. 15. *Rob* : i.e. of life.
1. 16. *So poorly* : i.e. whether I live or die matters little.
11. 17-18. *How much the quantity . . . my father* : I love you to the same degree as I do love my father.

- l. 19. *Yoke me* : join.
- l. 22. *The bier at door* : were the bier at the door.
- l. 26. *Sire* : beget.
- l. 27. *Meal and bran* : i.e. things both of noble and common quality.
- l. 28. *Yet who this should be . . . before me* : but who this boy should be, who is loved better than I am, is a miracle.
- l. 49. *In characters* : in the shape of letters.
- l. 50. *Juno* : wife of Jupiter, chief of the gods.
- l. 51. *Dieter* : one who regulates diet.
- l. 53. *For not being such a smile* : only because it could not be a smile.
- l. 55. *Commix* : mingle.
- l. 58. *Spurs* : roots of a tree.
- l. 59. *Stinking elder* : the elder tree was not only noted for having an unpleasant scent, but had an evil reputation because Judas was supposed to have hung himself on this tree.
- l. 62. *Runagates* : vagabonds.
- l. 74. *A slave* : the word "slave."
Without a knock : i.e. without returning a blow for the insult.
- l. 83. *Make thee* : give thee the only dignity thou hast.
- l. 92. *Mere* : utter.
- l. 97. *Proper* : own.
- l. 99. *Lud's-town* : see note on III. i. 32.
- l. 104. *Favour* : facial expression or appearance.
- l. 106. *Absolute* : certain.
- l. 108. *Made good time* : fared well.
- l. 109. *Fell* : fierce.
- ll. 109-110. *Scarce made up . . . to man* : hardly grown up.
- ll. 111-112. *Defect of judgement . . . of fear* : the meaning, perhaps, is that if one does not anticipate fears one does not have them.
Defection of judgement : lack of anticipation.
Cease : cessation.
- l. 114. *Hercules* : famous in classical mythology for his superhuman strength.
- ll. 116-117. *Yet I not doing this . . . his* : but if I had not killed him, he would have been carrying my head instead of my carrying his.

- l. 118. *Perfect* : perfectly certain.
- l. 119. *After* : according to.
- l. 121. *Take us in* : overcome us.
- l. 126. *Be tender* : be concerned to.
- l. 131. *In all safe reason* : as we may safely assume.
- ll. 132-133. *Though his humour . . . mutation* : though his character was made up of changeableness.
- l. 139. *Make some stronger head* : collect some stronger forces.
- l. 141. *Fetch us in* : close in on us.
- ll. 141-142. *Yet is't not probable . . . alone* : but it is unlikely either that he will come alone or that they would allow him to do so.
- l. 145. *Ordinance* : the decrees of destiny.
- l. 146. *Foresay* : decree.
Howsoe'er : nevertheless.
- ll. 148-149. *The boy Fidele's . . . long forth* : pondering on the boy Fidele's illness makes my way seem long and tedious.
- l. 154. *Reck* : care.
- l. 160. *That possible strength might meet* : that we might withstand with good hopes of success.
- l. 166. *Presently* : directly.
- l. 167. *Gain* : restore.
- l. 168. I'd bleed a whole parish of such persons as Cloten.
- l. 170. *Blazon'st* : proclaimest.
- l. 173. *His* : its.
- l. 174. *Enchafed* : excited, stirred.
- l. 179. *From other* : from any other person.
- l. 184. *Clotpoll* : block-head.
- l. 205. *Crare* : small trading vessel.
- ll. 207-208. *But I, Thou diedst* : but I know that you died.
- l. 213. *Leagued* : folded.
- l. 214. *Clouted brogues* : rough shoes studded with nails.
- l. 224. *Ruddock* : robin.
- l. 229. *To winter-ground* : cover up in the ground.
Corse : corpse.
- l. 230. *Wench-like* : womanish.
- l. 242. *Fanes* : temples.
- l. 252. *Thersites* : the ugliest and most scurrilous of the Greeks who took part in the Trojan war.

Ajax : second only to Achilles among the Greek heroes in courage and beauty.

- l. 255. *To the east* : in expectation of the second coming of Christ.
- l. 275. *Consign to thee* : must sign or agree on being partners to the same fate.
- l. 293. *'Ods pittikins* : God's pity.
- l. 310. *Mercurial* : Mercury, shod with winged sandals, was the light-footed messenger of the gods.
- Martial* : Mars was the Roman god of war.
- l. 313. *Madd'd* : frantic.

Hecuba : After the fall of Troy the Greeks sacrificed Polyxena, daughter of Hecuba, wife of Priam and mother of Hector, to the shade of Achilles. The same day the body of Hecuba's son Polydorus, who had been treacherously killed by Polymnestor, was washed up by the sea. In revenge Hecuba endeavoured to kill Polymnestor's children. For this she was turned into a dog and wandered howling through the country.

- l. 314. *To boot* : in addition.
- l. 315. *Irregulous* : lawless.
- l. 325. *Pregnant* : obvious.
- l. 337. *Confiners* : inhabitants.
- l. 341. *Syenna's brother* : brother of the Prince of Syenna, an Italian state some thirty miles from Florence.
- l. 349. *Spongy* : moist.
- l. 354. *His* : its.
- l. 377. *Du Champ* : of the Field.
- l. 399. *Partisans* : halberds.
- l. 400. *Arm him* : take him up in your arms.

Scene III

The Queen, pining over Cloten's disappearance, falls dangerously ill. Pisanio is accused of assisting in Imogen's flight.

- l. 1. *Again* : go again.
- Her* : the Queen.
- l. 2. *With* : due to.
- l. 3. *Madness* : delirium.
- l. 4. *At once* : all at the same time.

- l. 22. *Slip you* : let you go free, metaphor from letting dogs free from the "slips" or leash.
- ll. 22-23. *Our jealousy . . . yet depend* : our suspicion still hangs over you.
- l. 28. *I am amazed with matter* : I am bewildered by pressure of events.
- l. 29. *Can affront no less* : is equal to confronting.
- l. 35. *Chances* : misfortunes.
- l. 44. *Note* : knowledge, observation.

Scene iv

The Roman and British forces prepare to give battle. Guiderius and Arviragus insist on enlisting with the British troops, and Belarius joins them.

- l. 6. *Revolts* : rebels.
- l. 7. *Use* : need.
- l. 9. *Newness* : the recent occurrence.
- l. 11. *Drive us to a render* : oblige us to give an account of.
- l. 18. *Quarter'd fires* : fires in military quarters.
- l. 19. *Cloy'd importantly* : filled with important business.
- l. 20. *Upon our note* : noting us.
- ll. 23-24. *Not wore him . . . remembrance* : did not cause him to fade from my memory.
- l. 26. *The want of breeding* : the lack of education.
- l. 28. To have the cultured upbringing to which your gentle birth entitled you.
- l. 29. *Still* : always.
- Tanlings* : persons tanned by the rays of the sun.
- l. 33. *O'ergrown* : covered with the hair of your beard.
- l. 46. *Hazard* : peril.

Act V

Scene i

Posthumus, hearing from Pisanio that Imogen is dead, is so overcome with remorse that he cannot bring himself to fight against her people. He therefore dresses himself as a peasant and enlists with the British.

- l. 5. *Wrying* : erring.
- l. 9. *Put on this* : instigate this deed.
- ll. 12-15. *You snatch some hence . . . doer's thrift* : you

cause some to die early who have committed only slight faults, which is a sign that you love them because you give them no chance to commit worse sins : others you permit to live on, committing crimes one worse than the other, so that in the end they repent through fear, which is to their profit.

- l. 23. *Weeds* : garments.
- l. 30. *Habits* : dress.
- l. 32. *Guise* : custom.
- ll. 32-33. *I will begin . . . within* : I will start the fashion of showing more inward bravery than my outward appearance suggests.

Scene II

Posthumus in disguise fights with Iachimo, and assists Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus to turn a British defeat into victory.

- l. 4. *Carl* : peasant.
- l. 6. *My profession* : that of soldiering.
- l. 16. *As war were hoodwink'd* : as if the battle were being fought blindfold.

Scene III

Posthumus decides, as the British are victorious, to rejoin the defeated Romans, in consequence of which he is taken captive by the British.

- l. 5. *Wings* : of his army.
- l. 13. *Lengthen'd* : prolonged.
- ll. 19-20. *To run The country base* : "base" was a boys' game in which the players chased one another when they left the "base" or "home," and took prisoner those who were caught.
- l. 22. *Those for preservation cased, or shame* : ladies used to wear masks to protect their complexions from the sun, and at the theatre and other public places so as to shield them, if necessary, from publicity.
- ll. 27-28. *And may save . . . back in frown* : and from which fate you can save yourselves only if you turn and face the issue resolutely.

- ll. 30-31. *For three performers . . . rest do nothing* : for, when the rest do nothing, the three active performers constitute the whole troupe.
- l. 32. *Accommodated* : favoured.
- l. 38. *They* : i.e. Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.
- l. 40. *A stop i' the chaser* : a pause among the pursuers.
- ll. 44-45. *Like fragments in hard voyages . . . o' the need* : like fragments of food which in the emergencies of a hard journey become invaluable.
- l. 51. *Mortal bugs* : deadly bogeys or terrors.
- l. 56. *Vent* : utter.
- l. 79. *Answer* : retaliation.
- l. 86. *Silly habit* : plain, homely clothes.
- l. 87. *Gave the affront* : made the stand.
- l. 90. *Seconds* : supporters.

Scene iv

Posthumus, awaiting death in prison and overcome with penitence, dreams that his family appeal to Jupiter to take pity on him. Jupiter appears and leaves on Posthumus's breast a written oracular assurance foretelling an end of his troubles.

- ll. 1-2. *You shall not . . . find pasture* : "The wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned to pasture" (Dr. Johnson).
- l. 10. *The penitent instrument* : the means of doing penance.
- ll. 11-28. According to Ingleby, Posthumus rejoices in his captivity because if the result of it is death he will be freed both from physical and spiritual bondage. He reflects on the three stages of repentance prescribed by the Church : (1) sorrow, (2) penance, (3) satisfaction. Heaven will pardon him, he thinks, for the wrongs he has committed, but his own conscience requires that he shall give his life for Imogen's.
- l. 14. *Gyves* : fetters.
- l. 15. *Constrain'd* : by compulsion.
- l. 21. *Abatement* : diminution.
- l. 24. In monetary exchange men do not weigh every coin that passes hands.

- l. 25. They accept coins, even if they are light weight, at the value of the figures on them.
- l. 26. *You rather mine, being yours* : all the more ought you gods to accept my life as current coin seeing that you fashioned it yourselves.
- l. 27. *Take this audit* : accept this reckoning.

Solemn music : It is questionable whether this masque is Shakespeare's own workmanship.

- l. 30. *Thunder-master* : i.e. Jove.
- l. 43. *Lucina* : goddess of childbirth.
- l. 67. *Geck* : fool.
- l. 75. *Like hardiment* : an equally bold act.
- l. 97. *Elysium* : the dwelling-place, in classical mythology, of happy souls after death.
- l. 98. *Never-withering . . . flowers* : amaranth and asphodel, immortal flowers in Elysium.
- l. 102. *Delighted* : the more delighted.
- l. 110. Doth express in narrow limits our pleasure in his abounding fortune.
- l. 116. *Foot* : clutch.

His ascension : the region to which he ascends.

- l. 118. *Prunes* : preens.

Cloy : claws.

- l. 129. *Swerve* : err.
- l. 130. *Not to find* : not of finding.
- l. 134. *Fangled* : fond of finery.
- l. 146. *Tongue and brain not* : utter without thought.
- l. 156. *Pays the shot* : pays for the bill or reckoning.
- ll. 159-160. *Which are often . . . parting* : which are as often the cause of sadness when payment has to be made when one departs.
- l. 170. *Counters* : small imitation coins used for purposes of calculation.

Acquittance : written receipt for a debt.

- l. 182. *Jump* : risk.
- l. 183. *Speed* : fare.
- l. 186. *Wink* : shut their eyes.
- l. 200. *Verier* : greater.
- l. 206. *My wish hath a preferment in't* : I might get promoted to a more remunerative post if my wish (that all were virtuous, so that there were no more need of hanging) were realised.

Scene v

Cymbeline knights Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus for their prowess in the battle. Cornelius announces the death of the Queen and recounts her evil intentions. Lucius enters as a captive with Posthumus and Imogen and begs clemency for his "page" Imogen. Belarius describes his life in the Welsh mountains and acknowledges how he abducted Cymbeline's sons. Guiderius and Arviragus recognise Imogen, who asks that Iachimo shall explain how he obtained his diamond ring. Iachimo confesses his treatment of Posthumus, who announces his identity. Imogen reveals that she is Cymbeline's daughter, and is reconciled with Posthumus. Cymbeline, though victorious, offers to pay the tribute which the Romans had demanded, and peace is proclaimed between the two countries.

- l. 5. *Targes* : light shields.
- l. 38. *Affected* : loved.
- l. 43. *Bore in hand to love* : pretended to love.
- l. 47. *Delicate* : ingenious.
- l. 50. *Mortal mineral* : deadly poison.
- l. 55. *Fitted you with her craft* : prepared you by her guile.
- l. 70. *Razed out* : cancelled, got rid of.
- l. 82. *Augustus lives to think on't* : i.e. and may avenge us.
- l. 83. *My peculiar care* : my private concern.
- l. 87. *Tender over his occasions* : thoughtful of his master's needs.
- l. 88. *Feat* : adroit.
- l. 93. *Favour* : appearance.
- ll. 95-96. *Wherefore, To say* : for what reason I should say.
- l. 105. *Shuffle* : shift.
- l. 135. *Render* : tell.
- l. 151. *While nature will* : the length of your natural life.
- l. 157. *Heaved to head* : lifted to my mouth.
- ll. 162-163. *For beauty that made barren . . . best could speak* : for beauty which exceeded the most exaggerated claims which eloquence could make for it.
- l. 164. *The shrine of Venus* : the statue of Venus, goddess of love.

Straight-pight Minerva : erect Minerva, goddess of wisdom.

- l. 165. *Postures beyond brief nature* : postures which the sculptor's art renders more durable in marble than mortal nature can render in the flesh.

For condition : as to character.

- l. 166. *Shop* : store.
l. 167. *Hook of wiving* : power of attraction which leads to marriage, sex-appeal.

- l. 175. *His mistress' picture* : the description of his mistress.

- l. 177. *Crack'd of kitchen-trulls* : boasts made of kitchen-wench.

- l. 178. *Unspeaking sots* : fools incapable of describing beauty adequately.

- l. 180. *As Dian had hot dreams* : as though the dreams Diana had were unchaste compared with hers. See note on II. iv. 82.

- l. 182. *Made scruple of* : refused to believe.

- l. 185. *In suit* : by suing.

- ll. 189-190. *A carbuncle Of Phæbus' wheel* : a carbuncle, a red or fiery precious stone, from the wheel of the chariot of Phoebus, the sun-god.

- l. 200. *Simular* : specious.

- l. 214. *Justicer* : judge.

- l. 216. *Amend* : make to appear less vile (through my greater villainy).

- l. 229. *There lie thy part* : then let your part be to lie there.

- l. 238. *Tune* : tone, accent of voice.

- l. 250. *Temper* : confound.

Still : always.

- l. 255. *Cease* : suspend.

- l. 256. *The present power of life* : the vital powers for the time being.

- l. 265. Are you going to take no notice of me in this proceeding ?

- l. 271. *Long of* : along of, owing to.

- l. 277. *Discover'd* : revealed.

- l. 279. *A feigned letter* : see note on III. v. 99.

- l. 287. *Forfend* : forbid.

- l. 305. *Had ever scar for* : had ever merited by incurring scars through fighting for you.

- l. 326. *Prefer* : introduce.
- l. 334. *Your pleasure was* : your caprice constituted.
Mere : entire.
- ll. 345-347. *Their dear loss . . . stealing them* : the more you felt the severe loss of them the more was my purpose in stealing them justified.
- l. 362. *For more probation* : for clearer proof.
- l. 364. *Sanguine* : red.
- l. 371. *Orbs* : spheres.
- l. 381. *Dram* : dose of poison.
- ll. 382-384. *This fierce abridgement . . . rich in* : this rapid outline of events contains many details which could be elaborated in a fuller account.
- l. 390. *By-dependencies* : dependent circumstances.
- l. 392. *Inter'gatories* : formal questioning.
- l. 396. *Counterchange* : exchange.
- l. 398. *Smoke* : fumigate.
- l. 400. *Relieve* : support.
- l. 408. *Company* : accompany.
- l. 409. *Poor beseeming* : humble garb.
Fitment : preparation.
- l. 428. *Spritely* : in the form of spirits.
- l. 431. *Is so from sense in hardness* : is so difficult to make sense of.
- l. 432. *Collection* : inference.
- l. 445. *Leo-natus* : lion-born.
- l. 447. "*Mollis aer*" : soft air.
- l. 448. *Mulier* : woman, wife.
- l. 451. *Clipp'd* : embraced.
- l. 481. *Lud's-town* : see note on III. i. 32.
- l. 485. *Ere bloody hands were washed* : before there was time even for the bloodstained hands of the combatants to be washed.

APPENDIX

I. THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon. His father, one of the leading citizens of the town, was a glover who also traded in agricultural produce and possibly did some farming. It is assumed that he gave his son the ordinary education of a boy of his class at the local grammar school. Nothing is definitely known of the early life of the dramatist, however, until his marriage at the age of eighteen to Anne Hathaway, a woman some eight years older than himself. About 1584 he left Stratford and came to London. Here he must soon have joined a company of players, but there is no record of his activities until 1592, in which year it appears from a satirical comment made on him by Robert Greene that he was becoming well known as a playwright. His first published work, the poem *Venus and Adonis*, appeared in 1593 ; it was followed by *Lucrece* in the next year. Both these poems were dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. We next hear of him as a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company of actors (who became " the King's men " after James's accession), and he probably remained in association with them for the rest of his working life. From 1599 the company occupied the Globe Theatre on the Bankside in Southwark. As an actor Shakespeare is said to have taken the parts of Adam in *As You Like It* and the Ghost in *Hamlet*. As a playwright he was the mainstay of the company ; for about fifteen years he provided them on the average with two plays a year. His growing prosperity was indicated by his purchase, in 1597, of New Place, one of the largest houses in Stratford. About 1610 he left London and went to live as a retired gentleman at his Stratford home. He died there in 1616.

CYMBELINE

2. THE ORDER OF THE PLAYS

In the collected edition of Shakespeare's plays published in 1623 no indication was given of the dates when they were first produced. Even in the case of the previously issued Quartos of some of the separate plays the dates on the title-pages are not to be taken as those of the earliest productions. The dating of Shakespeare's works is therefore a matter for conjecture based on such indirect evidence as is available. The following list gives an order which would be generally accepted :—

1590–1596

Henry VI, Pts. I, II, and III

Richard III

Comedy of Errors

Titus Andronicus

Taming of the Shrew

Two Gentlemen of Verona

Love's Labour's Lost

Romeo and Juliet

Richard II

Midsummer-Night's Dream

1596–1600

King John

Merchant of Venice

Henry IV, Pts. I and II

Much Ado About Nothing

Henry V

Julius Caesar

Merry Wives of Windsor

As You Like It

Twelfth Night

1600–1608

Hamlet

Troilus and Cressida

All's Well that Ends Well

Measure for Measure

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Othello
Macbeth
King Lear
Antony and Cleopatra
Coriolanus
Timon of Athens

1608-1613

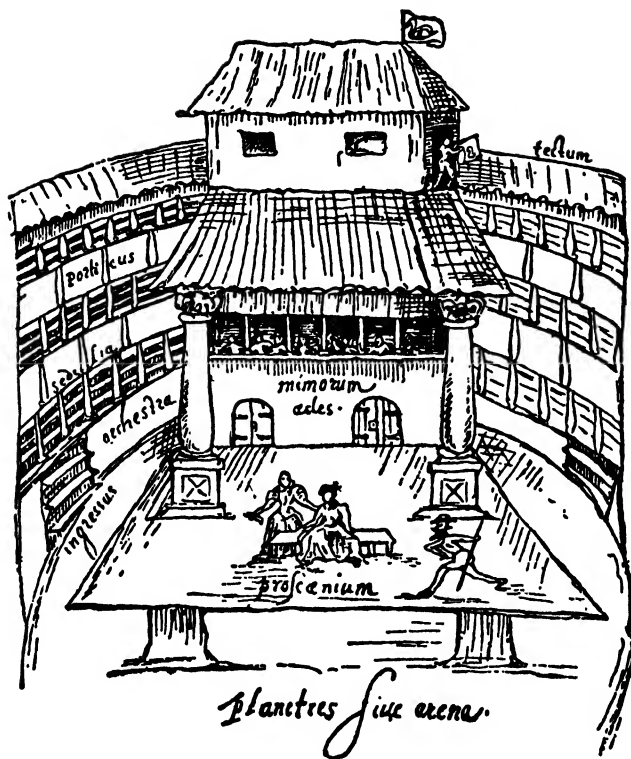
Pericles
Cymbeline
Winter's Tale
Tempest
Henry VIII
Two Noble Kinsmen

3. THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

Shakespeare's plays were originally acted under conditions very different from those of to-day. Playhouses were new institutions—the first of them had been built in Shoreditch in 1576—and the technique of play-production was in its infancy. Moreover, as the first theatres were by no means like those we know in plan and construction, the dramatists necessarily employed methods that would seem strange to their present-day successors.

In general form the public theatres of Shakespeare's time resembled the galleried inn-yards in which companies of actors had previously set up a temporary stage for their performances. The stage was a rectangular platform projecting into the "yard," which was open to the sky. There were no seats on the floor around the stage: the "groundlings" stood and enclosed the actors on three sides. More expensive accommodation was provided in tiers of galleries running right round the building. The topmost gallery had a thatched roof. Fashionable young gallants were allowed seats on the stage itself. The plays were performed in daylight, usually in the afternoon. There were some differences between the "public" and the "private" theatres: the private theatres, like the Blackfriars, were roofed, used artificial light, and were attended by a better-class audience. No painted scenery was used; but some indication of the

CYMBELINE



THE DE WITT DRAWING OF THE SWAN THEATRE

APPENDIX

place represented might be given by such movable properties as a bed or a single small tree symbolising a wood. The stage itself was sheltered by a roof. In the floor there was a trap-door through which ghosts and apparitions rose and descended. This is the explanation of the stage direction "Descends" in connection with the apparitions in *Macbeth*, IV. 1. The main stage could not, of course, be curtained off.

At the back of the platform were two doors through which the actors entered. In the space between these doors was hung a curtain which, when drawn, revealed an inner stage. In this recess Ferdinand and Miranda would have been shown playing their game of chess, and the play-scene in *Hamlet* would have been performed. It could serve also for Lear's hovel, Prospero's cell, or the tomb of the Capulets.

Above the inner stage was a balcony forming part of the lowest gallery running round the house. This upper space could be used for the sleeping-rooms of Macbeth's castle, for Juliet's balcony, or the room in Shylock's house from which Jessica throws down the casket to Lorenzo. The stage direction "Enter Above" frequently found in the old texts means that the actors are to come on to this gallery.

The De Witt drawing of the Swan Theatre, here reproduced, is the only clear contemporary pictorial evidence of what one of the Elizabethan playhouses looked like. Even this is probably incorrect in some of the details. The original rough sketch of the theatre made by John de Witt for his *Observationes Londinenses* is lost, but a copy of it made by Arend van Buchell of Utrecht survives.

With regard to the actors who performed on the Elizabethan stage, all that need be said is that they included no women in their companies. Female parts were played by boys. At one time a company consisting entirely of boys—members of the choir of the Chapel Royal—was very popular.

The peculiar conditions of the Elizabethan theatre must be taken into account when we are examining Shakespeare's stage-craft. They explain, for instance, the frequent change of scene which is a characteristic of the plays of the time. The audiences did not demand realism: they were prepared to use their imagination and accept the simplest symbolism as a means of suggesting the place of action. The extreme example of Shakespeare's free treatment of

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place and time is seen in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where he has a succession of very short scenes located in a variety of widely separated places. The typical modern dramatist would not deal with his material in this way. He works with the knowledge that a change in the supposed place demands a change in scenery, which takes time and may cause an undesirable break in the action. Moreover, every additional "set" required adds considerably to the expense of production. There is good reason, therefore, why a modern play should differ considerably in shape from an Elizabethan play.

The absence of scenery and lighting had other minor but interesting results. The dramatist was compelled, for example, to introduce into the dialogue indications of time and place that would now be superfluous. A famous instance occurs in *Julius Caesar*. In the Orchard Scene the audience is to suppose that it is night. Brutus therefore opens with the remark :—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.

And throughout the scene the darkness of night is insisted on by the speakers. Similarly, the second act of *Macbeth* begins at night. Hence, when Banquo enters, he is preceded by a torch-bearer, and he talks about the moon and the stars. Again, the description of Macbeth's castle put into the mouth of Duncan and Banquo is introduced not merely for the sake of the lyrical touch very welcome at this point, but in order to give the spectators information which could not be conveyed to the eye by a stage-picture of a castle.

Since the actors were playing on an open platform-stage, they had to aim at different effects of grouping from those obtained in the modern theatre, where the proscenium acts like a picture-frame entirely separating performers from spectators. Processions and dancing were freely introduced, and the elaborate costumes worn by the actors gave colour to the scene. The fact that the performers were immediately surrounded by spectators obviated to some extent the difficulty experienced nowadays in speaking the soliloquies and the asides that were a regular part of the old stage convention. There was an intimacy between players and audience

APPENDIX

that made it seem not unnatural for a character to allow his private thoughts to be overheard.

Owing to the absence of a curtain for the main stage, the dramatist had to take special measures when he required a scene to end with a definite break in the action. He had to arrange for all his characters to leave the stage. The problem was most serious at the end of the play. The final scene of *Hamlet* illustrates the difficulty. A modern playwright would bring down the curtain at the climax, that is, when Horatio, bending over the body of his dead friend, says :—

Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

But, on the Elizabethan stage, if the play had ended here, the dead would have had to rise and walk off. To obviate this absurdity, Fortinbras and the English ambassadors are brought in, and the scene is prolonged for Fortinbras to say :—

Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage . . .

There is a dead march, and the soldiers carry the bodies of Hamlet and the other dead off the stage.

It may be noted, finally, that the first theatres were used not only for dramatic performances but also for bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and athletic contests. The public liking for exhibitions of bodily skill to some extent influenced the fare provided by the playwrights. Shakespeare, for example, indulged his audiences with the wrestling match in *As You Like It*. This was a genuine contest. Similarly, the broadsword fight at the conclusion of *Macbeth* was a real trial of skill between combatants accustomed to their weapons.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

Act I

1. Give the meaning of : empery, slaver, swathing, sur-addition, chaffless, mow, venge, trow.

2. Paraphrase I. i. 70-79, "No, be assured . . . inform you" ; and I. vi. 157-166, "He sits 'mongst men . . . chaffless."

3. What do you know of Cassibelan, Sicilius, Terentius ?

4. Give the context of and explain :—

(a) Like the Parthian, I shall flying fight.

(b) We had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

(c) I would have broke mine eye-strings ; crack'd them but

To look upon him, till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle.

5. In what sense are the following words used in this Act differing from their use to-day ?—fetch, senseless, recoil, discover, raps, directly, importance, convince.

Act II

1. Give the meaning of : andiron, cognisance, arrearages, clipped, madding, cinque-spotted, tinct, spirited with.

2. Give the context of and explain :—

(a) Our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.

(b) Our countrymen

Are men more order'd than when Julius Caesar
Smiled at their lack of skill.

(c) As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard !

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(d) She hath been reading late

The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turned down
Where Philomel gave up.

3. Reproduce in your own words the details noted by Iachimo of what he saw in Imogen's room.

4. What is a basilisk, a pantler, an arras, a jack, a statist, a hilding ?

5. Give an instance, from this Act, of simile, metaphor, antithesis, onomatopoeia, personification, irony.

Act III

1. Give the meaning of : ballasting, resty, disedged, quarrelous, feodary, nothing-gift.

2. State in your own words the views of Belarius on court and country life respectively as he gives them in III. iii.

3. Write short notes on Lud's town, the Dalmatians, Sinon.

4. In what sense are the following words used in this Act differing from their use to-day ?—Bravery, owe, perfect, take in, proof, nerves, worms, niceness, powers, discover.

5. Paraphrase Imogen's soliloquy at the opening of III. vi. 1-27, " I see a man's life . . . good heavens ! "

Act IV

1. What is a dieter, a runagate, a clotpole, a crare, a ruddock, a confiner, a tanling, a partisan ?

2. Explain and give the context of :—

(a) All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee !

(b) Let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine !

(c) Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

3. Give an instance from this Act of climax, irony, alliteration, repetition, onomatopoeia, bathos.

4. Illustrate from this Act Shakespeare's knowledge of flowers.

5. Learn by heart the song of Guiderius and Arviragus in IV. ii. " Fear no more the heat o' the sun," and write it out or say it.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

Act V

1. Give the meaning of : clipped, geck, gyves, carl, targe, feat, justicer, simular.
2. In what respects does the Masque in V. iv. 30-92 seem to lack the true Shakespearean poetic quality ?
3. Explain the following phrases : a carbuncle of Jove's wheel, postures beyond brief nature, never-withering flowers, for preservation cased.
4. Draw a picture in pen or colour of Posthumus in prison.
5. Recount in not more than 150 words the events of the final scene.

ESSAY QUESTIONS

1. DR. JOHNSON declared of "Cymbeline" "The fiction foolish, the events impossible, the conduct absurd, the faults of the drama too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation." Gervinus compared the play "with the most excellent of all that Shakespeare has produced." Elaborate a view of "Cymbeline" which is a middle course between these two extremes.

2. "Why did Shakespeare create so exquisite a being as Imogen for the jealous and paltry Posthumus? He has the precedent of Nature, which makes many strangely assorted matches; and he does not greatly care what we think of Posthumus" (Sir Walter Raleigh). Discuss.

3. Write a character sketch of Iachimo comparing him, if possible, with Iago in "Othello."

4. "Imogen is the be-all and end-all of the play. . . . Range out the great gallery of Shakespeare's good women . . . and over all of them Imogen bears the bell" (Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch). Illustrate.

5. Write a character sketch of Cloten comparing him, perhaps, with Tony Lumpkin in Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer."

6. Consider Cornelius as a specimen of Shakespearean doctor, or Pisanio as a type of Shakespearean faithful servant.

7. Discuss the dramatic propriety and effectiveness of the comic dialogue between Posthumus and the First Gaius at the end of V. iv.

8. "The burial of Imogen by her brothers is unmatched for idyllic beauty elsewhere in Shakespeare." Discuss the elements in the scene which give it its unique charm.

9. Contrast the pliable weakness of King Cymbeline with the obstinate self-will of King Lear.

ESSAY QUESTIONS

10. Consider to what extent the political background of the war between the Romans and Britons contributes to the strength and interest of the play.

11. Contrast Shakespeare's handling of an idyllic theme in "Cymbeline" with his treatment of the same theme in "As You Like It."

12. "O mighty poet!" was all that De Quincey could utter, arising stunned from perusal of "Macbeth," "O mighty poet!" May not we, closing Cymbeline, exclaim "O mighty craftsman!"? (Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch). Illustrate this with special reference to the last scene of the play.

13. "One turns to 'Cymbeline' from 'Othello,' or 'King Lear,' or 'Antony and Cleopatra' as one turns from a masterly painting to, say, a fine piece of tapestry, from commanding beauty to more recondite charm" (Harley Granville-Barker). Discuss.

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